

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## OCTOBER SONG.

WHEN the fields are ripe and yellow,  
 When the leaves are shrunk and sere,  
 If thy thoughts are mild and mellow,  
 Sing, and praise the fading year.  
 If thy heart is full of groaning,  
 If thine eyes are near to weep,  
 Vex not Nature with thy moaning,  
 When she folds her robe to sleep.

All things have their times and seasons,  
 Nought that lives from change is free;  
 God is wise: and for good reasons  
 Birth and growth and death must be.  
 All things find their fitting places,  
 High and low, and great and small,  
 Kings and peoples, creeds and races,  
 In the wonder of the All.

Breezy hills and blastful mountains,  
 Chirp of birds, and thunder's roll,  
 Tinkling rills and gushing fountains,  
 Powers that spurn weak man's control.  
 Cradle song and chariots' rattle,  
 Mighty thoughts that stir the soul,  
 Throng of business, roar of battle,  
 All make music in the whole.

Art thou young, — be bold and daring,  
 Flap thy wing, and spur thy pace,  
 Fruitful labor never sparing,  
 Where a spade may find a place.  
 Art thou old, — in quiet corner  
 Live from fretful labor free,  
 Wise with faithful hand to garner  
 Life's rich fruitage stored for thee.

And when Death comes, ugly spectre,  
 Spare thy hand the fruitless blow;  
 Bow thy head: the great Director  
 Wisely willing willed it so.  
 Death must be: and in the keeping  
 Of harsh frost all life must lie,  
 Till God shall please to rouse from sleeping  
 All from God that may not die!

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. S. B.

## THE TWO-LEAVED CLOVER.

This quaint superstition is common among the peasantry of the south-eastern counties of England.

A FASHION holds the country over,  
 When a lassie finds a two-leaved clover,  
 She puts it in her shoe;  
 And the first lad she chance to meet,  
 In cottage, meadow, lane, or street,  
 Will surely come to woo  
 her.

A fashion holds the country over,  
 When a laddie finds a two-leaved clover,  
 He puts it in his boot;  
 And the first maid he chance to meet,  
 In cottage, meadow, lane, or street,  
 Will be the maid to suit  
 him.

Young Jack, he found a two-leaved clover —  
 Hid in his boot; sweet Jean, moreover,  
 Found one to line her shoe.  
 This lad and lass first chanced to meet,  
 Just at the corner of the street —  
 He was the one to woo  
 her.

Sweet Jeannie's cheek flushed crimson over,  
 A-thinking of the two-leaved clover,  
 Her eyes shone like the sun;  
 Said she, "A clover's in my shoe" —  
 Quoth he, "One in my boot lies too" —  
 And then he wooed and won  
 her!

The Month.

FRANCES KERSHAW.

## GUENEVERE.

HER amber tresses bound with miniver  
 Glowed like the cloud-gold deep of dying day  
 Seen on a twilight trance of silvery grey  
 When silence soothes the insects' infinite  
 stir, —  
 Her still eyes dreamed the ideal world to her  
 From realms of purple fancy far away,  
 And her ripe lips alive with passion's play  
 Breathed perfume faint of frankincense and  
 myrrh.

Such sight my soul's dark winter turned to  
 spring,  
 And when the girdle that her slender waist,  
 With gold embossed and clinking links em-  
 braced,

Its tinkling trinkets jingled silver-chased,  
 The world's sad thicket with a jocund ring  
 Of voiceful birds seemed gladly jargoning.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

ERE the last streaks of sunset die  
 And song of thrush and blackbird cease,  
 And whilst from valley streams arise  
 White mists and shadows in fresh wreath;  
 Oh, husbandman, review again  
 Thy corn-stacks built up in the sun,  
 That, as fresh plumage to the bird,  
 Are warmth and beauty to thine home;  
 Then, think who gave the shower and breeze,  
 The evening dews and ripening heat,  
 The cheerful reaper a full time  
 To bend the sickle through the fields  
 And lead their treasure to the fold:  
 Oh, husbandman, review again  
 Thy corn-stacks built up in the sun;  
 Sing unto God an evening hymn  
 And thankful say, "This he hath done."

E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

Sunday Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE RISE AND FALL OF AMSTERDAM.

IN a ground plan of Amsterdam, as it appeared in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the hook of land in front of the town facing the Y is called *Groote Gods Huisland*.

As the flag of some European power, floating from a rude fort, proclaimed to the bold navigator of the fifteenth century that the land he coveted already had an owner, so this title appears to claim Amsterdam from the first moment it is discovered in history as a city belonging to the Kingdom of Heaven.

How it failed to fulfil its calling I propose to tell.

### I.

From one of those vast forests where the ancient Germans dimly sought the All-Father, a tribe emerged into the marsh land at the mouth of the Rhine. Gladdened by the sight of its rich pastures, they called it *Bet-auw*, good meadow. Converted to the Christian faith by missionaries of their own race from England and France, the precious seed was kept alive, and in the thirteenth century still more freely sown by the institutions of the Beguines and Beghards, by the Lollards and the Franciscans, and by the Brothers of the Common Lot. These societies, mystical and communistic, sprang from the people, sympathized with the poor, prayed with them, preached to them, nursed them when sick, and taught their children.

Certain "humble and holy men of heart" exercised considerable influence over this popular faith, purifying and elevating it. Such an one was John Ruysbroek, prior of Grünthal, who numbered among his disciples Tauler and Gerard Groot. The latter, animated by the sight of the brotherhood at Grünthal, instituted at Zwolle the society known as the Brothers of the Common Lot.

This fraternal union was as like as circumstances would permit to the apostolic pattern. The brothers obtained a simple livelihood, partly by manual labor, partly by friendly gifts, but they never begged. What they thus obtained or possessed

was held in common. Their brother-houses and schools were soon found in most of the chief cities of the Netherlands. In that of Zwolle lived the venerated author of "The Imitation," whose long life was spent in quiet work as a Brother of the Common Lot.

Besides teaching their children the brothers labored incessantly to enlighten the people by short sermons. Each city had its preacher. Giesebert Dou of Amsterdam is mentioned by Thomas à Kempis in connection with Gerhard and Florentius, the founders of the society, and he doubtless preached on the same theme as his companions. What that theme was we can have no doubt when we learn that the ignorant of those days spoke of "Jesus" as "the God of the Beguines." Ruysbroek is described as "mystical but practical," such were his disciples in the Netherlands.

In the life of John Wessel, a disciple of Thomas à Kempis, we see how the Brothers of the Common Lot prepared the way for the Reformation; but what manifests that fact still more is that nowhere, not even in Germany itself, did that movement receive a better welcome than among the people whose minds these brothers had formed. The Reformation made its way at once throughout the Netherlands, and it was the Dutch who most frequently recruited its advanced guards and forlorn hopes.

### II.

Before the twelfth century, Amsterdam has no history. But during that period, as well as in the previous century, a series of irruptions of the North Sea turned Lake Flevo into the Zuyder Zee. The treasures of the ocean were thus opened up to the inhabitants of the village of Amstelredam. It is an old saying that "Amsterdam was built on the backbone of a herring."

Nature and man — blind, cruel, greedy — these were the twin foes with which the Netherlands had to fight. As the ancient people they so much resemble, they were "burnt with fire, but not consumed."

From the obscure background of mediæval history we behold emerge, like the

phantasms of half-finished dreams, scenes in which a portion is photographed more vividly than anything we see when awake, but of which we know not the beginning, and which ends as abruptly as it began.

Thus, in 1258, the Amsterdammers appear, making common cause with the people of Kemmerland, Friesland, and Waterland, who had risen against their nobles, declaring that they would expel them from the country and raze their castles. The Lord of Amstel consents to lead his people against Utrecht, where the revolution is accomplished. But they are defeated in besieging Haarlem, and the insurrection seems to collapse.

Next comes a story of turbulence and bloodshed. The murder of Count Floris V. is a favorite subject of the Dutch drama. In this disloyal deed, Gysbrecht, lord of the Amstel, plays a leading part, and as a result loses his rights over Amsterdam, which reverted to the counts of Holland.

This family, "hard-fighting, hard-drinking, crusading, freebooting," were very popular, and under their ægis Amsterdam developed its municipal liberties, and grew slowly in wealth and importance. But the male line dying out, there came a time of civil commotion, the contending parties taking the quaint titles of *Kabbeljaws* and *Hoeks*. The *Kabbeljaws*, or cod-fish, were the people; the *Hoeks*, or hooks, the nobles, who caught the people and used them to their own advantage. Amsterdam appears to have sided with the *Kabbeljaws*.

This struggle went on for a hundred years, and we may measure the sadness of heart it produced by the fact that it was during the latter part of its continuance — the first half of the fifteenth century — that most of the cloistral establishments of Amsterdam were founded. But in the midst of the misery brought about by this civil strife the Brothers of the Common Lot, in harmony with all the traditions of Netherland religion, were teaching the people, and setting before them the example of a life founded on the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

No one, not even those who suffer most, ever rightly estimates the discontent

which exists in any society founded upon injustice. Luther himself, though by birth a man of the people, had no conception of its extent in his own Germany. Thus notwithstanding the rout of the peasantry at Frankenhausen, the Anabaptist movement went on in Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, and above all in the Netherlands. Jan Trypmacker, its leader in the Netherlands, in 1530, had a great following in Amsterdam, and was there arrested, sent to the Hague, and beheaded. After him arose Jan Mathysen, who appointed twelve missionaries, all of whom appear from their names to have been Dutchmen.

The social war broke out in Amsterdam the same year that it did in Munster. Finding public opinion in its favor, its leader, Van Geelen, determined to seize the city. All was kept quiet until the very evening designed for the attempt, when the attention of the magistrates was called to three small pieces of artillery placed so as to command the windows of the Guildhall. While hesitating what to do, the Anabaptists appeared, forty strong, and the magistrates only saved themselves by rapid flight. The signal for the general uprising was to be the tolling of the Guildhall bell, but the insurgents being unable to find the rope, this hitch in the programme ensured the ruin of the revolt. A drunken Schout's officer had unwittingly hidden it among the stools. Thus the night passed away without any movement on the part of the people, giving the magistrates time to arrange their plans. Notwithstanding this, the insurgents at first carried everything before them, but they were at last surrounded, and driven off the dam into the Guildhall. Here they fought desperately, but their leaders being killed, they were finally overpowered. The prisoners were put to death with revolting barbarity; while yet living their hearts were cut out and thrown in their faces, their bodies quartered and hung on the town gates, and their heads placed on stakes.

This episode shows clearly that there was a widespread discontent throughout the city. Amsterdam was governed by a senate of thirty-six burghers. Each sen-



ator enjoyed his position for life, originally by election of the freemen of the city; but from the sixteenth century the vacancies were filled up by the Senate itself or by some authority for the time being more powerful. Thus the government of Amsterdam was a close oligarchy. Had it continued as it was up to the end of the war of independence — Catholic — it would in all probability have rivalled that of Venice, in a rule of mystery and terror. One of the most picturesque objects in Amsterdam was the Herring-packers' Tower. Here persons suspected of heresy were confined, and given short shrift, being thrown out at night, tied hands and feet, into the Y.

It was owing to the orthodox character of the magistracy that Amsterdam escaped almost scot-free during the War of Independence, being permitted to purchase immunity from a Spanish garrison by payment of two hundred thousand guilders. Every effort to induce the city to join the patriots failed, and when at last the magistrates began to treat, they offered terms such as would have enabled them as St. Aldegonde puts it, "to govern the governor." In the end the patriots were obliged to agree to an arrangement by which the exercise of the Catholic religion was alone permitted within the city.

No sooner, however, was the government of Amsterdam cut off from its own party than a popular rising took place, and a revolution was apparently accomplished by one resolute man and four confederates. So in accord, however, were the conspirators with the public sentiment that at the signal of the raising of a hat, the dam was filled with people following a sailor with a flag, who cried, "All ye who love the Prince of Orange, take heart and follow me." After this the Catholic religion was itself proscribed, and Amsterdam became not only Protestant, but Protestant of an ultra type. These facts make it evident that the Amsterdam of the sixteenth century contained a population mostly Protestant, and largely Anabaptist, with a ruling class thoroughly Catholic.

Before the great War of Independence

commenced, we hear much of Anabaptism. I believe it to be the secret source of the pertinacity with which the north Hollanders struggled, and certain it is that even at the close of the war it was strong enough to frighten a man like St. Aldegonde into trying to prevent all who professed its tenets from exercising their rights as citizens. But it is evident that during the war its place in popular affection had given way to Calvinism.

No war since the Christian era ever stirred up the devil latent in human nature as this did. The cruelty practised by Philip II. and his myrmidons is so horrible, that the mind refuses to reflect upon it. Fairly to judge the epoch, one should look at the old engravings executed while these hellish deeds were fresh in men's minds. This dark background of horror is the real parent of Calvinism. It was in the lurid glare of the flames in the Place Maubert that Calvinism arose, condemning a world that thus treated its saints to an eternal torment of which their fiery tortures were but a faint image.

### III.

A legend of Amsterdam tells of a merchant who came to the city, but do what he would he could not make himself liked. One evening, as he sat moodily alone, a stranger claimed his hospitality, a gentleman of Spanish complexion, with a very fascinating eye. He seemed to know all the merchant's secrets, and promised him that if he would agree to his terms, human sympathy with all the joys of life should be his. He then retired, leaving in the merchant's hands a paper which he was to sign, and forward to a certain place the next morning. The merchant soon found that his visitor was no other than Satan himself. However, he took the night to consider, and by morning had determined to accept the offer. But a very short while elapsed, and the merchant was happily married to the lady he had previously sought in vain; in a few years his table was surrounded by a beautiful family, wealth and honor poured in upon him, and he was welcomed wherever he went.

The temptation which this legend sets forth as occurring to a merchant at Amsterdam, was really that to which the city itself succumbed. Coldly looked upon as one who was a comparative stranger in the new republic, but who yet sought a chief share in its gains, Amsterdam would have probably been more isolated still had she followed the highest aspirations of her people, and been true to her calling as the *Groote Gods Huisland*. Instead of that, she listened to the great seducer, and received a full but temporary reward.

She at once took the lead in the use the ruling classes of the United Provinces proposed to make of the great position which the faith, the courage, and the awful sacrifice of the people had obtained for them. They had no higher ambition than to become the successors in the abominable traffic of their ancient masters, and to get possession of its profits. All combined to feed this low ambition, and to render it successful.

Portugal lost its independence, and shared the gloomy fate of Spain to which it was annexed. One of the first results was the arrival in Amsterdam of a colony of Portuguese Jews (1593), rich in commercial traditions, wealth, and energy. Next, the continual persecution of the Huguenots drove numbers of the most intelligent and most wealthy among the middle classes of France to take shelter under the ægis of a republic professing their faith, and welcoming foreigners with open arms. It was the same with the many Covenanters and Puritans who under the Stuarts made Amsterdam their city of refuge. Another circumstance that added vastly to its wealth and importance was the final defeat and ruin of the patriotic cause in Antwerp. In the disasters that attended the defence of that city, the rulers of Amsterdam were strongly suspected of preventing the Dutch fleet from properly seconding the efforts of the governor, Marnix of St. Aldegonde. When the end came, many of its traders, and even its literary men, fled to Amsterdam.

The population, in fact, increased so fast that strangers arriving were obliged to take up their abode in the environs in huts and other temporary erections, while new streets were laid out and houses built. Land in the city rose to a preposterous value: as much as a man's foot would cover was said to be worth a ducat of gold. In 1618 the population was estimated at three hundred thousand.

Each city in the United Provinces had its particular branch of trade. The great fisheries of the German Ocean were, of course, common to all the maritime towns and villages, but Amsterdam had the lion's share. The Dutch herring fishery at its zenith employed about six thousand four hundred vessels and one hundred and twelve thousand seamen: eight hundred of these vessels belonged to Amsterdam, where an immense trade was done in salting and packing herrings.

A thousand vessels were employed in the Baltic trade in timber and grain, and Amsterdam in a short time became the granary of the world. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Observations touching Trade and Commerce with the Hollander," says: "Amsterdam is never without seven hundred thousand quarters of corn, none of it the growth of Holland; a dearth of only one year in any other part of Europe enriches Holland for seven years."

In 1602 the Dutch East India Company was formed. Amboyna and the Moluccas were wrested from the Spaniards, and in a short time the Dutch had factories and fortifications from the Tigris in the Persian Gulf along the coasts and islands of India, as far as Japan. Alliances were formed with several Indian princes on the coast of Ceylon, and they were themselves masters in various districts of Malabar and Coromandel, and of great part of the island of Java. The West India Company was established in 1621. In fifteen years the Dutch had conquered the greater part of Brazil and had fitted out eight hundred trading and war ships at the expense of ninety millions of florins, which immense outlay they had recouped by the capture of five hundred and forty-five Spanish and Portuguese ships.

These trades were the peculiar monopoly of Amsterdam, but she was also greatly advantaged by the general prosperity of the whole province of Holland. On its pastures grazed innumerable herds of fine cattle; a Dutch ox would often weigh more than two thousand pounds, and Dutch cows were known to produce two or three calves at a time, Dutch sheep four or five lambs. Butter, cheese, and salted provisions were exported to an incredible amount.

The manufactures were equally famous. Dutch linen was so highly esteemed that Holland gave its name to the fabric.

Supported further by the finest navy in the world—for it is estimated that in the seventeenth century half the shipping of Europe belonged to the Dutch—Am-

sterdam, with its correspondents everywhere, quickly obtained the carrying trade of the world.

To render the working of this great commerce more facile, the Bank of Amsterdam was founded in 1609. In a short time the whole world went to Amsterdam to borrow.

Speculative trade, it has been said, almost seems to have been born at Amsterdam. Let the scarcity of grain be what it might in any of the four quarters of the globe, men could always find plenty in Amsterdam; whatever their wants, they could always supply them in Amsterdam. Its streets were like a perpetual fair.

An Italian describes the city in 1618 as the very image of Venice in its prime. It spread out fan-shaped, its base line on the Y being a long series of quays and docks, backed by tall warehouses of which little could be seen but an occasional gable-roof, so hidden were they by groves of masts (which towards the centre thickened into a forest), by large sails and a complete jungle of huge cranes and drawbridges. High above the city rose numerous quaint steeples and yet more ancient towers, and Amsterdam's Italian prototype could never have presented a more bewitching picture than when on one of those marvellous nights, not infrequent in Holland, the moon lit up the scene with a light whiter, purer than that of electricity, and of a living beauty the very reverse of electricity's ghastly glare. The black hulls, masts, rigging, and cordage stood out vividly as in a photograph; the beacons cast their ruddy glare into the waters, and at midnight the carillon floated over the city, followed by the striking of innumerable clocks.

Morning broke, and with the dawn began another day's whirl and fret of business. Men, women, children — of all lands, nations, and tongues — were in full activity. The shipwrights' hammers, the creaking of the cranes, the seamen's oaths, the squabbles of the market-place, the gabbling in the schools, the clatter of the sleighs, the chaffering, badgering, bullying, the slave-driving going on without a moment's cessation upon all the quays, in every warehouse and from every street, proclaimed Amsterdam the mart of the world, the centre of its business.

The head of the Damrak, a short roadstead formed by the mouth of the Amstel, was crossed by a bridge which recalled the Rialto. Here a crowd of men, the most varied in nationality and tradition, were all one in their worship of the pre-

siding genius of the city. The bridge stood in front of its temple. The Exchange was the true centre of the religion of Amsterdam. Hard by were the representatives of the two subsidiary forces in the life of the city — politics and Calvinistic Christianity.

The Stadhuis, an enormous structure, of which the forest of piles necessary for its foundation had cost £100,000 sterling, possessed an interior almost encased in marble — floors, walls, pillars, and ceilings. Versailles cost £800,000, the Escurial £1,000,000, St. Paul's £1,500,000; but the burgher government of Amsterdam spent £3,000,000 on the shrine of their politics, making it the fit emblem of their policy — hard, superficial, and stupidly wasteful. In its vaults were the treasures of their famous bank, to all appearance an infinite hoard of wealth — gold and silver in bars, plate and bags of specie innumerable.

The treasure-house of Europe, it was the reservoir into which fell the many golden streams which came pouring in from every quarter of the globe.

This wealth gave an enormous impetus to such arts as the traditions and peculiar temperament of the Hollanders most encouraged. Profoundly religious, the soul of the Netherlands people had from very early times found expression in poetry and painting. Amsterdam was the centre of literary life before the war, its inhabitants cultivating their poetic gifts in their famous Guild of the Eglantine. After the fall of Antwerp, its Guilds of the Sweetbrier and the Fig-tree emigrated to the northern city.

From the fostering care of these guilds came a succession of poets and dramatists, touched with the humor and sweetness of our Elizabethan school. Visscher and his two daughters, Hoof, Brederoo, Vondel and Huygens, are among the chief names of the great Amsterdam school of the seventeenth century. The Kalverstraat was the Paternoster Row of old Amsterdam, and the especial haunt of its engravers. Cats, who better perhaps than any other Dutch writer represents the homely wit and proverbial philosophy characteristic of the Dutch middle class, did not belong to Amsterdam. But in the quaint designs on the house-fronts, often punning representations of the owner's name or trade, in the moral sayings and wise saws written on the entablatures, might be seen the genius of Cats, and of a religion which had fallen from the enthusiastic faith of David's Psalms to the

didactic philosophy of the Proverbs of Solomon.

The free multiform life of Amsterdam, full of color and poetry, had many attractions for painters. Hither Rembrandt came, in 1630, and fixed himself near the Jews' quarter. Here were heaped treasures which had adorned the Cleopatras and the Messalinas of the ancient world, the spoils which Crusaders had carried home from Syria, and the Venetians from Constantinople, together with all kinds of strange and curious things which the bold seamen of Holland had brought from the four quarters of the globe. Here too were men who had carefully hoarded the intellectual fotsam and jetsam of a dead past: reverend rabbis — wrinkled, furrowed, ghastly — in whom the hereditary acquisitiveness had taken the most interesting of all its forms.

It was in these palmy days that a family of Portuguese Jews gave the world a child who was to be the leader in a revolution more radical than either that of Luther or even Munzer. Spinoza was born in Amsterdam in 1632.

Nowhere has the Jew found such consideration as in Amsterdam. If spiritual affinities could prove consanguinity, the people of Amsterdam might claim to be one of the lost tribes. Nowhere was the letter of the Decalogue more generally obeyed; nowhere was the higher teaching of the Mosaic law better carried out: care for the orphan and the widow, provision for the poor and the stranger. There were twelve great hospitals or benevolent institutions in Amsterdam. There were orphanages for boys and for girls, retreats for old men and old women, hospitals for the sick, for lunatics, for lepers, and one where poor travellers could be lodged and entertained for three nights. For the unruly of either sex, there were two separate prisons conducted in a severe but parental manner.

But amidst all this prosperity, all this culture, all this drilling in the rules of frugality, the most striking fact in this great commercial society is its ever-increasing pauperism.

Strongly endowed with the parental instinct, the Amsterdam burghers thought not of such cruelty as the breaking-up of a family because its head had fallen into poverty; so they created, in 1619, an institution which they called "the House of the Poor Families." To enter it a family must have resided six years in Amsterdam; and to prevent fraud it was required to produce several witnesses to

the fact. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the old side of this establishment contained nine hundred families, and the new, sixteen hundred; altogether they numbered no less than ten thousand persons. All round the garden was a gallery where a weekly distribution of victuals was made to the poor.

In addition to this great poorhouse were two others — houses for the rabble — built respectively in 1639 and 1649. Here were distributed every week during winter, irrespective of race or faith, bread, butter, and cheese. Altogether the sum spent in these three articles amounted to six hundred thousand guilders per annum.

The old writer (1675) who gives this account of the house for poor families, says "the numbers in it at present cannot be told, seeing the city is increased nearly one-half;" but if the numbers he states as there in 1616 are compared with the population of Amsterdam in 1618, we find that one in every thirty persons in Amsterdam was a pauper of selected respectability. But outside this class was another which could not satisfy inquiry — a class dear to Rembrandt, who was one of the very few persons, perhaps the only one, who saw this Amsterdam society through and through, and found it pharisaical and thoroughly opposed to the spirit of Jesus Christ. This ragged, wretched, miserable class, to whom Rembrandt devoted more of his work than to any other, cannot be deemed to have been less than four or five times as numerous as the respectable poor.

If this be a fair computation, then it would follow that, at the very time Amsterdam was making its most rapid strides in prosperity, at least one-sixth of its inhabitants were in a state of pauperism, and this we know means also a still wider circle of families on the brink of poverty and living in daily dread of being swallowed into its vortex.

Another proof of the poverty of the masses in Amsterdam, was the existence of a great civic pawnshop — *De Lombert*. Here the poor could obtain loans, not only on their garments, but upon plate and other household goods, and even on merchandise.

In the marvellously finished interiors of Gerard Dou we see the ease, the comfort, the wealth in which the few lived who drew the prizes in this great commercial lottery. In the best sense their homes were respectable. Luxury is there, but it is restrained, reasonable, unostentatious. They have all that heart could

wish, and if there is any desire, the means are there to obtain its gratification. And nothing proves how sweet this life was to those who enjoyed it as the fact that so many masters found it to their profit to follow in the wake of Dou. On the other hand, Rembrandt — who painted the poor as they really were, sad-eyed and dirty, sufferers even when truculent-looking and sullen — had no followers. The rich did not care about these reminders of an ugly fact. If they had pictures of poverty, then tavern interiors, such as Ostade, Teniers, and Jan Steen painted, were the ones most in request — pictures that represented men as bringing it on themselves by vicious and disgusting bestiality.

The Amsterdammers of the seventeenth century were benevolent, cultured, religious, but their consciences were not wounded by this singular distribution of wealth. How should they be when the religion which they professed had for its distinctive tenet the doctrine that God had chosen an elect few to eternal felicity, while the great majority of mankind were under sentence of eternal reprobation? This doctrine, which they heard proclaimed from richly carved pulpits as they sat in due order in their double-galleried synagogues, was entirely in harmony with the material condition of Amsterdam: the one explained and justified the other.

#### IV.

If the Hollander had one tradition more powerful than another, it was patriotism. Yet even this great duty the merchant of Amsterdam was ready to sacrifice on the altar of commerce. On one occasion the stadtholder discovered that the Amsterdam traders were sending arms and ammunition to Antwerp, at the very time it was being besieged by the combined forces of Holland and France. He demanded an inquiry, and one Beyland was charged before the magistrates of Amsterdam with freighting four boats full of powder, muskets, and pikes. The accused not only freely admitted the charge but declared that the merchant of Amsterdam had a right to trade wherever he pleased; adding that if anything was to be gained by trading to hell, he would risk burning his sails. And the magistrates acquitted him on the ground that he had done his duty to his employers.

Never is this freedom from all scruples so manifest as when the ruling classes of Amsterdam had the grandest opportunities, and a sphere Alexander himself might have envied. They grasped at the

world, but not for the noble ambition of conquering it for that kingdom of which they professed themselves members, but simply that they might suck its treasures for their own advantage.

Everything was managed in Amsterdam by corporations. The idea of the sacredness of corporate rights and privileges was firmly planted in the Dutch mind. These numerous bodies were virtually self-elected. An oligarchy ruled in each department. The character of their government is seen in the way the East India Company managed their possessions in the Eastern Archipelago. To secure the monopoly of the spice trade, they caused all the clove-trees to be extirpated, except in Amboyna, the seat of their power, bribing the surrounding princes to enter into league with them to destroy their subjects' property. At one time they gained the exclusive command of the pepper trade. Pepper was immediately raised to eight shillings a pound, one hundred per cent. higher than the Portuguese prices. It is supposed that they made a profit of thirty-eight hundred per cent. on this article alone. English settlers did not scruple to declare that in 1622 the Dutch authorities at Amboyna, in their terror lest foreign intrigue should oust them out of the nest they were robbing, practised tortures worthy of Philip II. and Alva.

To prevent any criticism from the jealousy of the other Dutch ports, the East India Company distributed their stock among the principal towns of the United Provinces, in each of which was a handsomely paid board of directors, possessing the share of the patronage proportioned to the stock they held. Amsterdam kept the supreme direction, for out of these subordinate chambers a board of seventeen directors was chosen, who met for six years at Amsterdam and two at Middleburgh. Thus all the leading capitalists in Holland were directly concerned in the company's affairs.

Instead of enriching their own country and the Asiatic world by opening up a great Oriental trade, the Dutch East India Company thought only of getting the highest possible prices by the exclusion of all competition. Their immense warehouses at Amsterdam, their imposing name, and the mystery ever attached to the East, led to an exaggerated idea of their importance. They worked a trade that could easily have employed several millions with a capital of £542,000. In their most prosperous days, from 1614—



1730, the number of their ships arriving from India in the course of the year did not average more than fourteen.

This style of doing trade explains the excessively heavy dues that the Amsterdam authorities imposed on every article of traffic. It is asserted that many things paid duty three or four times over. Bread was taxed when the corn came from the mill, and again when the loaves came from the oven. There were taxes on butter, fish, and fruit, while the duties levied on meat, salt, beer, wine, and spirits were as high as one hundred per cent. Rents paid a tax of twenty-five per cent.; in fact, there was scarcely anything that escaped taxation except that which depleted the country of its capital—the speculations of its merchants in the public funds of other nations.

For, owing to the accumulation of capital and the way taxation ate up profits, the Amsterdam merchants put the greater part of their surplus capital into foreign stocks. In fact, the difficulty of finding an advantageous return for money in Holland was so great, that its capitalists preferred to lend vast sums of money to individuals in foreign countries, both regularly as loans at interest and in the shape of goods advanced at long credit.

The result of such an order of things became more and more manifest: the commerce which enriched the few, ruined the many. The cause of the heavy taxation was the necessity of maintaining a great navy to protect the monopolies of the Dutch capitalists, and to pay the interest of the ever-increasing debt, brought about by the disastrous wars into which the United Provinces were forced by the jealousy and cupidity they provoked in their neighbors.

At the end of the War of Independence, Motley tells us that the debt of the United Provinces was funded at six per cent., its interest amounting to two hundred thousand florins. The whole debt may be calculated at a round three and a quarter millions of florins. Now in 1877 it had reached to about nine hundred millions of florins. Thus, while the population had remained stationary, the national debt had in two centuries and three-quarters increased to nearly three hundred times its original size.

England and France began as early as the middle of the seventeenth century to try and get possession of the Dutch trade. In 1651 the English Parliament passed a Navigation Act, the object of which was to exclude the Dutch from the carrying

trade of this country; and in 1664 the French government promulgated the tariff arranged by Colbert, a main purpose being to promote French commerce by harassing that of the United Provinces.

Not content with doing it this harm, Louis XIV. in 1672 invaded Holland. A great drought favored his enterprise, so that the French armies easily forded the rivers, and the Dutch cities capitulated without a blow. As Sir William Temple says, in his curious little book, "Observations on the United Provinces, 1693," "In all sieges the hearts of men defend the walls, and not the walls the men."

That the Dutch people had not lost their ancient patriotism was soon manifest, for when Louis XIV., misled by the ease of his triumph, demanded outrageous terms, the people rose, took the power out of the hands of oligarchical factions who ruled in the States-General, and virtually made the Prince of Orange dictator. Under this influence Amsterdam displayed an unwonted heroism, and her people declared that rather than submit to the conqueror they would cut the dykes and lay all the land round the city under water.

Ere long, however, the representatives of wealth again obtain power, and the old hostility between the house of Orange and the government of Amsterdam recommences. It was with the utmost difficulty that the stadtholder, afterwards William III. of England, induced it to consent to his projected effort on behalf of English liberty; and when he was obliged to reside in this country, it took advantage of his absence to usurp his prerogatives.

This perpetual struggle between the stadtholders and the Amsterdam oligarchy is one of the pivots of Dutch history; and a key to that of Amsterdam may be found in the fact that, up to the period of the French Revolution, the common people of Amsterdam always sided with the house of Orange.

A curious example of the jealousy with which the people regarded the acts of the magistracy, and the way they fretted against its authority, is shown in the commotion occasioned in 1696 by the passing of a sumptuary law restraining the magnificence of funerals. The host of lugubrious and pompous personages, the "inviters," the bearers, the torch-bearers, who got their living out of elaborate funeral rites, stirred up the population, spreading the report that the government intended to oblige every one to be buried in a plain deal coffin without a breast-



plate, and with the city arms sewed upon the winding-sheet. The thought of being thus put nameless into the grave, and stamped as the property of the city of Amsterdam, aroused the populace to a state of violent indignation. Menacing processions were formed, but the soldiers brought out to disperse them had to take flight, and encouraged by their victory the people sacked the houses of those who were believed to have suggested the new law. The rioters were overcome, and their ringleaders hanged in front of the Weighhouse. This curious episode is further characteristic, since it was alleged that the tumult was secretly instigated by the partisans of the stadtholder.

The French invasion of 1672 was to the commerce of Amsterdam as the writing on the wall of the palace of Belshazzar, but the power that chiefly effected its destruction was England.

As when a fainting firm is falling all things seem to combine to accelerate its ruin, so it was with the commerce of Amsterdam during the third quarter of the eighteenth century: 1763 and 1773 were marked by monetary panics, brought on by unlimited stockjobbing, and were followed by many private bankruptcies; 1770-71, by terrific floods and cattle disease.

The Dutch had sacrificed much on the altar of commerce; but they still preserved a certain disinterested admiration of the great deeds of their forefathers, and could not help feeling that their glory lay in the War of Independence and the policy it established. When, therefore, the American War of Independence broke out, it was very hard to be told that their national honor was pledged to take sides with the English government in reducing the American colonies to obedience. And yet the treaties of 1716-17 bound them to afford subsidies and troops to England in case of need. The stadtholder called for the observance of the treaty; the States-General refused. The English replied by a denial of the right of the Dutch to convey timber and ships' stores to France, also in sympathy with the colonists. The claim of search was rigorously exercised. Dutch merchantmen were captured, their cargo plundered, and their crews maltreated and forced into the English navy. These proceedings struck more heavily at the trade of Amsterdam than any other city in the United Provinces, and in the States-General the struggle lay between the party she influenced and that affected by the machinations of the English am-

bassador. In 1778 the latter triumphed, the States-General agreeing that in future no convoy should be granted to ships laden with shipbuilding materials. Thus Amsterdam saw her timber trade destroyed simply to gratify the spite of England, for it was carried on just the same from other ports of the Baltic.

In 1780 England issued a declaration of war against the United Provinces, and after naming a number of causes of offence, the document concluded with a last and chief article against the burghers of Amsterdam. Instead of taking active measures, the Dutch squandered their time in internal disputes. Supineness and inactivity pervaded every department. A bounty of seventy guilders a head was offered for men, but men were not forthcoming. The powers supposed to be friendly made no effort to save the Dutch. Russia turned against them, and the Swedes and the Danes looked with satisfaction on the profit that would accrue to themselves from the ruin of Dutch commerce.

It was already half-dead. The Weighing-house on the Dam, formerly thronged with business, had only one of its doors occasionally open. No loan could be raised under six per cent., and the Dutch bondholders trembled for a sum of no less than four hundred and fifty millions of guilders in the English funds.

The British fleet swooped down on the Dutch colonies. At St. Eustatius, an island in the West Indies, Admiral Rodney acted with unexampled rigor, stripping the inhabitants of everything they had, even to their very provisions, seizing their account-books and business papers, and turning them out of their dwellings in a state of destitution. Burke's denunciations of the British commander are still full of indignant fire.

Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, were all ceded to the English by the Dutch traders, who, in spite of the losses of their country, were able to lend five millions of guilders to the American States. The Yankees at once proved a worse rival than even England, for in 1786 they wrested from the United Provinces a large portion of the trade with China, and, by an illicit traffic carried on between the Dutch West Indian colonies and New York, did the trade of the Hollanders much harm.

In 1782 the Whigs came into power, but although it had ever been a maxim of their policy to cultivate the Dutch alliance, they could not refrain from pressing to the utmost the prostrate represen-

tatives of a rival commerce, refusing to restore the places taken from the Dutch during the war, or to grant any compensation for their losses. And their ally, France, signed the preliminaries of peace without the sanction or knowledge of the United Provinces. On being remonstrated with, the French ambassador replied: "Each power must study its own interests, and those of France require peace."

The eagles now arrived to share the prey. Austria began to harass the United Provinces with all sorts of demands, even to the extent of opening the Scheldt. The States had no sooner bought peace at the price of nine million and a half guilders, than, in 1787, Prussia invaded the country. Amsterdam was the last city to hold out, but she was compelled to capitulate and accept the Prussian terms.

This miserable condition of a great commercial city was pleasing in the sight of her rivals, and there was not one dissentient voice in the British House of Commons to the address expressing admiring approbation at the rapid success of the Prussian arms.

In Amsterdam, decay and dissolution was apparent in all directions. Each year saw the East India Company fall deeper and deeper into debt; the West India Company was on the verge of bankruptcy, and was dissolved at the expiration of its charter. The ships employed in the Greenland whale fishery had diminished from one hundred and twenty in 1770 to sixty-nine in 1781. The money of the Bank of Amsterdam suffered so great a depreciation that from a premium of three to five per cent. it sank to one-half below par, and there was such a demand for specie as seriously to shake its credit.

Yet such was the individual wealth still possessed by Dutch capitalists, that in the midst of all these disasters they were able to lend the king of Prussia five millions of guilders, and to buy two millions of acres of land of the American Congress for three million seven hundred and fifty thousand guilders.

#### V.

Governments built on the predominance of a class are only safe as long as they are successful. The people of the northern Netherlands were as ready in the eighteenth century to accept the doctrines of the French Revolution as their ancestors had been to receive those of the Anabaptists. The committees formed to organize a national insurrection found

a popular response beyond their expectation. Amsterdam was the focus of the revolution. Arrangements were made with General Pichegru for the concurrent help of French troops, and the Jews were bribed to embarrass the monetary transactions of the stadtholder, who was now numbered with the incubus from which the country desired to be free.

The elements combined, as they have so often done in the Netherlands, to favor the revolution. The winter of 1794 is known as the French winter, for the ice, daily increasing, enabled their armies to march into the heart of the country. Utrecht was taken, and the stadtholder embarked at Scheveningen.

The magistrates of Amsterdam lingered on, and only resigned when the alternative was offered of safety of person and property on the one hand, or certain massacre on the other, and the Revolution was at once proclaimed from the Weigh-house, in front of which a pole bearing a rude resemblance to a tall palm-tree and surmounted by a cap of Liberty, was erected, around which the children of the poor danced. The Dam, the ancient forum of Amsterdam, was filled with an excited populace almost delirious with joy. The roofs and balconies of the houses and of the Nieuwe Kerk and the windows of the Stadthuis were lined with spectators, who had gathered to watch the Revolutionary army defile through the city.

The Revolution flew through the United Provinces, and that famous name was soon merged in that of the Batavian Republic. The millenarian day-dream faded almost as soon as it was born, for the French in Holland acted in accordance with their historical character as deliverers. Their conduct outside the cities is described as atrocious; in Amsterdam they were quartered on the people, and terrorized the trembling households compelled to receive them as guests.

Amsterdam was now a mere satellite of Paris, and followed its destinies. When Bonaparte made himself emperor, the Batavian Republic was changed into the kingdom of Holland, and the ruler of France appointed his brother Louis to be its king. A very near relative of the writer was held up as a child of six or seven years of age to see the master of the king of Holland pass, surrounded by his guards, across the Dam. The picture of the emperor crouching at the bottom of his carriage, his great head dropped between his shoulders, with lowering

brow, pallid face, and watchful eyes, passing rapidly through a sullen and silent crowd, is that of the foreign tyrant, who, in spite of all his armies and all his fame, is made to feel the hatred of a people he has tied like a captive horde to his conquering car. That moment marked the lowest point in the fall of Amsterdam. The veriest dolt on the Dam must have felt that Amsterdam was in chains.

And now the iron entered her soul; regiments from all the armies in Europe marched through her streets, and were quartered on her people, who for some years lived in an atmosphere of constant fear and anxiety. Now it was the French who were masters, now the Orange party, now the Allies. If the French, then there were spies during the day and sudden arrests in the dead of the night; if the national party, no one dared appear without an Orange rosette; if the Allies, then possibly a red-eyed Cossack sat in the house and called loudly for "snaps." Every morning there was the clatter of cavalry exercising their horses up and down the streets, or the noise of the infantry going through their drill. Every evening the tambour was beaten in all the quarters of the town. And the worst was that all these soldiers were foreign, and represented the fact that the liberties of Amsterdam were no longer their own, but depended upon whosoever came forth victorious in the struggle.

As to their natural defenders, they were lost in the armies that followed the rival commanders, and possessed no more liberty than the pin or screw of some infernal machine. Some lay stiff and stark on the icy plains of Russia, some were driven into German rivers by Austrian and Prussian bayonets, many lay pierced by French bullets on the field of Waterloo.

Every great change in Europe vibrated through the homes of Amsterdam. When the empire began to fall the French inhabitants left the city in droves, the houses of those who sympathized with them were sacked, and the prisons forced open. Several pitiable objects were brought forth from the prisons under the Amstel-sluis.

The 18th of June, 1815, was a day of great excitement in Amsterdam. The news of the various changes at Waterloo were signalled across the Netherlands from steeple to steeple. The signal in Amsterdam was continually changing according to the fortunes of the day, and when at last the Dutch flag remained flying, the people wrung each other's

hands, crying with delight, *Oranje boven! Oranje boven!*

The historical family, the only symbol Holland possesses of national unity, returned; and Amsterdam entered on its third and present phase, that of being simply the largest city in the kingdom of Holland. In this character its history has been quite uneventful. It is in the highest degree improbable it will regain the place it once held in Europe; there are signs that as a wealth-making community Amsterdam is slowly but steadily sinking. While Bremerhafen and Antwerp are rapidly gaining ground commercially, Amsterdam lags behind. The slow rate at which the Dutch network of railways is being completed and the water-ways improved, is said to be the cause. The construction of a canal to the Helder in 1819, and another to Ymuiden in 1858, have done something to help Amsterdam to keep its own; but unless steps are taken to place it in easy communication with the Rhine, it will some day be as Venice.

#### VI.

Thus the city claimed as *Groote Gods Huisland* has failed to win its crown. Instead of taking that moral position in Europe to which she was called, and which would certainly have been hers had she not listened to the tempter's voice, Amsterdam chose material wealth, and sought to be the commercial metropolis of the earth, rather than a city from whence the laws of justice and truth should go forth to the nations. I shall be told that it is idle to speculate on what might have been; but if the moral position of the United Provinces at the close of the War of Independence and the stirrings of the European conscience during the last three centuries be considered, no one can doubt that there was a rôle for a State which made moral ends its primary object, and that the United Provinces for every reason was called to occupy it. Had its people been left to follow unbiassed the national conscience, there is reason to believe that the United Provinces would have become the holy land of Europe, and their chief city an ideal Jerusalem.

But such a glorious destiny was not to be that of Amsterdam; on the contrary, she has existed only to be a beacon and a warning to those who now occupy her position, and may perhaps be said to have her opportunity. But when will the Church learn the doctrine of Christ, and

the discipline to which all who profess themselves his followers must submit? It was a true word which the Padre Curci is said to have uttered to Pius IX. The pope complained that the Padre never came to the Vatican. "Your Holiness," he replied, "has too much money; when you have none I will come every day."

Nowhere on earth has religious liberty longer prevailed, nor the pulpit received more honor than in Amsterdam; but we may look in vain for a man touched with the spirit of the prophets of the Italian republics, men of the mould of Francis and Savonarola. So little, indeed, have the churches of Amsterdam done in stemming the tide of her worldliness, that in gathering the materials for this sketch we have hardly found anything that made it necessary to notice their existence. In 1749, in the full tide of the Methodist revival in England, a similar movement, attended by the same phenomena, broke out in the Dutch Church; but the spirit of respectability and ecclesiastical order soon extinguished the flame. Thus the history of Amsterdam religion is that of the city: the two are inextricably bound together and share the same fate.

If we were disposed to make merry over that fate we might well do so. For a caustic glance at the present religious life of Amsterdam, we commend our readers to a humorous description of a modern Sunday evening service in one of its churches, a comfortable building, where a few scattered groups of respectable persons were found reclining on well-padded seats covered with velvet, and enlightened by two gas-burners apiece, while they listened to an admirable discourse from the text, "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is."

The legend to which we referred in an earlier part of this paper, had a happier termination than might have been expected. When the Amsterdam merchant was in the full enjoyment of domestic bliss and social prosperity, the archangel Gabriel took pity on him, counting him the most miserable man on earth. "Who will go," he asked, "and deliver this wretched mortal?" A young angel volunteered, and, descending to earth, made his way through the streets of Amsterdam to the merchant's house. For the first time since his marriage its owner was alone, his wife and children being in the country. With his usual hospitality he welcomed the visitor, and entered into conversation with him. The angel soon

pierced the outer husk of the merchant's happiness, and compelled him to realize the woe to which he was hastening. The night was passed in anguish, and as soon as it was light the merchant sought a priest to whom he might confess his sin, and learn if it was past forgiveness. The angel followed him to the church, and took the place of the confessor. "My son," he asked, "has the tempter kept his part of the bargain?" The merchant admitted that he had. "Then," said the angel, "I know of no way of escape unless you are willing to give up all you have received through his means." The sacrifice was made, and the angel priest pronounced the absolution.

The merchant returned to his home, to learn that his wife and children were smitten by the plague. He hastened to the spot, though well aware his presence would be of no avail. All his family were swept away but an only boy. Over this child he pondered and wept, but in a year he too had fled to paradise. Business, always so prosperous, began to decay from the moment the angel left him. All the elements, all the chances, seemed to combine to bring about its ruin. Quickly his friends forsook him, and a childless, bankrupt man, he left his comfortable home for a cloister. But his soul was at liberty, and had he possessed that power of renewing his earthly life which a society has, he might on earth have emulated his angel-friend.

Is it too much to expect that in that city, so long devoted to the worship of Mammon, and which has been so heavily punished, some heaven-sent messenger may yet come to awake its slumbering conscience, calling on Amsterdam to fulfil the highest aims of her ancient people, and to be the leader in a new Christian society which shall make the principles of the Sermon on the Mount its guide, rather than those of the market and the exchange?

RICHARD HEATH.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE WIZARD'S SON.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

JULIA HERBERT had failed altogether in her object during that end of the season which her relations had afforded her. Walter had not even come to call. He had sent a hurried note excusing himself, and explaining that he was "obliged to

leave town," an excuse by which nobody was deceived. It is not by any easy process that a girl, who begins with all a girl's natural pride and pretensions, is brought down to recognize the fact that a man is avoiding and fleeing from her, and yet to follow and seek him. Hard poverty, and the memories of a life spent in the tiny cottage with her mother, without any enlargement or wider atmosphere, and with but one way of escape in which there was hope or even possibility, had brought Julia to this pass. She had nothing in her life that was worth doing except to scheme how she could dress and present the best appearance, and how she could get hold of and secure that only stepping-stone by which she could mount out of it—a man who would marry her and open to her the doors of something better. In every other way it is worth the best exertions of either man or woman to get these doors opened, and to come to the possibility of better things; and a poor girl who has been trained to nothing more exalted, who sees no other way, notwithstanding that this poor way of hers revolts every finer spirit, is there not something pitiful and tragic in her struggles, her sad and degrading attempt after a new beginning? How much human force is wasted upon it, what heart-sickness, what self-contempt is undergone, what a debasement of all that is best and finest in her! She has no pity, no sympathy in her pursuit, but ridicule, contempt, the derision of one half of humanity, the indignation of the other. And yet her object after all may not be entirely despicable. She may feel with despair that there is no other way. She may intend to be all that is good and noble were but this one step made, this barrier crossed, the means of a larger life attained. It would be better for her no doubt to be a governess, or even a seamstress, or to put up with the chill meannesses of a poverty-stricken existence, and starve, modestly keeping up appearances with her last breath. But all women are not born self-denying. When they are young, the blood runs as warmly in their veins as in that of men; they too want life, movement, sunshine, and happiness. The mere daylight, the air, a new frock, however hardly obtained, a dance, a little admiration, suffice for them when they are very young; but when the next chapter comes, and the girl learns to calculate that, saving some great matrimonial chance, there is no prospect for her but the narrowest and most meagre and monotonous existence

under heaven, the life of a poor, very poor single woman who cannot dig and to beg is ashamed; is it to be wondered at if she makes a desperate struggle anyhow (and alas! there is but one *how*) to escape. Perhaps she likes too, poor creature, the little excitement of flirtation, the only thing which replaces to her the manifold excitements which men of her kind indulge in—the tumultuous joys of the turf, the charms of play, the delights of the club, the moors, and sport in general, not to speak of all those developments of pleasure so-called, which are impossible to a woman. She cannot dabble a little in vice as a man can do, and yet return again, and be no worse thought of than before. Both for amusement and profit she has this one way, which, to be sure, answers the purpose of all the others in being destructive of the best part in her, spoiling her character, and injuring her reputation—but for how much less a cause, and with how little recompense in the way of enjoyment! The husband-hunting girl is fair game to whosoever has a stone to throw, and very few are so charitable as to say, poor soul! Julia Herbert had been as bright a creature at eighteen as one could wish to see. At twenty-four she was bright still, full of animation, full of good humor, clever in her way, very pretty, high-spirited, amusing—and still so young! But how profoundly had it been impressed upon her that she must not lose her time! and how well she knew all the opprobrious epithets that are directed against a young woman as she draws towards thirty—the very flower and prime of her life. Was she to blame if she was influenced by all that was said to this effect, and determined to fight with a sort of mad persistence, for the hope which seemed so well within her reach? Were she but once established as Lady Erradeen, there was not one of her youthful sins that would be remembered against her. A veil of light would fall over her and all her peccadilloes as soon as she had put on her bridal veil. Her friends, instead of feeling her a burden and perplexity, would be proud of Julia; they would put forth their cousinhood eagerly, and claim her—even those who were most anxious now to demonstrate the extreme distance of the connection—as near and dear. And she liked Walter, and thought she would have no difficulty in loving him, had she ever a right to do so. He was not too good for her; she would have something to forgive in him, if he too in her might have some-



thing to forgive. She would make him a good wife, a wife of whom he should have no occasion to be ashamed. All these considerations made it excusable — more than excusable, almost laudable — to strain a point for so great an end.

And in her cousin's wife she had, so far as this went, a real friend. Lady Herbert not only felt that to get Julia settled was most desirable, and that, as Lady Erradeen, she would become a most creditable cousin, and one who might return the favors showed to her, but also, which is less general, felt within herself a strong inclination to help and further Julia's object. She thought favorably of Lord Erradeen. She thought he would not be difficult to manage (which was a mistake, as the reader knows). She thought he was not so strong as Julia, but once fully within the power of her fascinations, would fall an easy prey. She did not think less of him for running away. It was a sign of weakness, if also of wisdom; and if he could be met in a place from which he could not run away, it seemed to her that the victory would be easy. And Sir Thomas must have a moor somewhere to refresh him after the vast labors of a session in which he had recorded so many silent votes. By dint of having followed him to many a moor, Lady Herbert had a tolerable geographical knowledge of the Highlands, and it was not very difficult for her to find out that Mr. Campbell of Ellermore, with his large family, would be obliged this year to let his shootings. Everything was settled and prepared accordingly to further Julia's views, without any warning on the point having reached Walter. She had arrived indeed at the Lodge, which was some miles down the loch, beyond Birkenbraes, a few days after Walter's arrival, and thus once more, though he was so far from thinking of it, his old sins, or rather his old follies, were about to find him out.

Lady Herbert had already become known to various people on the loch-side. She had been at the Lodge since early in September, and had been called upon by friendly folk on all sides. There had been a thousand chances that Walter would have found her at luncheon with all the others on his first appearance at Birkenbraes, and Julia had already been introduced to that hospitable house. Katie did not recognize Lady Herbert either by name or countenance. But she recognized Julia as soon as she saw her.

"I think you know Lord Erradeen?" was almost her first greeting, for Katie

was a young person of very straightforward methods.

"Oh, yes," Julia had answered with animation, "I have known him all my life."

"I suppose you know that he lives here?"

Upon this Julia turned to her chaperon, her relation in whose hands all these external questions were.

"Did you know, dear Lady Herbert, that Lord Erradeen lived here?"

"Oh yes, he has a place close by. Didn't I tell you? A pretty house, with that old castle near it, which I pointed out to you on the loch," Lady Herbert said.

"How small the world is!" cried Julia; "wherever you go you are always knocking up against somebody. Fancy Walter Methven living here!"

Katie was not taken in by this little play. She was not even irritated as she had been at Burlington House. If it might so happen that some youthful bond existed between Lord Erradeen and this girl, Katie was not the woman to use any unfair means against it.

"You will be sure to meet him," she said calmly. "We hope he is not going to shut himself up as he did last year."

"Oh tell me!" Julia cried, with overflowing interest, "is there not some wonderful ghost story? something about his house being haunted; and he has to go and present himself and have an interview with the ghost? Captain Underwood, I remember, told us —"

"Did you know Captain Underwood?" said Katie, in that tone which says so much.

And then she turned to her other guests: for naturally the house was full of people, and as was habitual in Birkenbraes a large party from outside had come to lunch. The Williamsons were discussed with much freedom among the visitors from the Lodge when they went away. Sir Thomas declared that the old man was a monstrous fine old fellow, and his claret well worth coming from Devonshire to drink.

"No expense spared in that establishment," he cried; "and there's a little girl, I should say, that would be worth a young fellow's while."

He despised Julia to the bottom of his heart, but he thought of his young friends on the other side without any such elevated sentiment, and decided it might not be a bad thing to have Algy Newton down, to whom it was indispensable that he should marry money. Sir Thomas, how-



ever, had not the energy to carry his intention out.

Next day it so happened that Lady Herbert had to return the visit of Mrs. Forrester, who, though she always explained her regret at not being able to entertain her friends, was punctilious in making the proper calls. The English ladies were "charmed" with the isle. They said there had never been anything so original, so delightful, so unconventional; ignoring altogether, with a politeness which Mrs. Forrester thought was "pretty," any idea that necessity might be the motive of the mother and daughter in settling there.

"I am sure it is very kind of you to say so; but it is not just a matter of choice, you know. It is just an old house that came to me from the Macnabs—my mother's side. And it proved very convenient when all the boys were away and nothing but Oona and me. Women want but little in comparison with gentlemen; and though it is a little out of the way and inconvenient in the winter season, it is wonderful how few days there are that we can't get out. I am very well content just with the walk when there is a glint of sunshine; but Oona, she just never minds the weather. Oh, you will not be going just yet! Tell Mysie, Oona, to bring ben the tea. If it is a little early what does that matter? It always helps to keep you warm on the loch, and my old cook is rather noted for her scones. She just begins as soon as she hears there's a boat, and she will be much disappointed if ye don't taste them. Our friends are all very kind; we have somebody or other every day."

"It is you who are kind, I think," Lady Herbert said.

"No, no; two ladies—it is nothing we have it in our power to do: but a cup of tea, it is just a charity to accept it; and as you go down to your boat I will let you see the view."

Julia, for her part, felt, or professed, a great interest in the girl living the life of a recluse on this little island.

"It must be delightful," she said with enthusiasm; "but don't you sometimes feel a little dull? It is the sweetest place I ever saw. But shouldn't you like to walk on to the land without always requiring a boat?"

"I don't think I have considered the subject," Oona said; "it is our home, and we do not think whether or not we should like it to be different."

"Oh, what a delightful state of mind!

I don't think I could be so contented anywhere—so happy in myself. I think," said Julia with an ingratiating look, "that you must be very happy in yourself."

Oona laughed. "As much and as little as other people," she said.

"Oh not as little! I should picture to myself a hundred things I wanted as soon as I found myself shut up here. I should want to be in town. I should want to go shopping. I should wish for—everything I had not got. Don't you immediately think of dozens of things you want as soon as you know you can't get them? But you are so good!"

"If that is being good! No, I think I rather refrain from wishing for what I should like when I see I am not likely to get it."

"I call that goodness itself—but perhaps it is Scotch. I have the greatest respect for the Scotch," said Julia. "They are so sensible." Then she laughed, as at some private joke of her own, and said under her breath, "Not all, however," and looked towards Kinloch-houran.

They were seated on the bench, upon the little platform, at the top of the ascent which looked down upon the castle. The sound of Mrs. Forrester's voice was quite audible behind in the house, pouring forth a gentle stream. The sun was setting in a sky full of gorgeous purple and golden clouds; the keen air of the hills blowing about them. But Julia was warmly dressed, and only shivered a little out of a sense of what was becoming; and Oona was wrapped in the famous fur cloak.

"It is so strange to come upon a place one has heard so much of," she said. "No doubt you know Lord Erradeen?"

The name startled Oona in spite of herself. She was not prepared for any allusion to him. She colored involuntarily, and gave her companion a look of surprise.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"Oh, so well! I have known him almost all my life—people said indeed —" said Julia, breaking off suddenly with a laugh. "But that was nonsense. You know how people talk. Oh, yes, we have been like brother and sister—or if not quite that—at least—Oh yes, I know Walter, and his mother, and everything about him. He has been a little strange since he came here; though indeed I have no reason to say so, for he is always very nice to me. When he came home last year I saw a great deal of him; but I don't think he was very communi-

cative about—what do you call it?—Kinlock——”

“He was not here long,” Oona said.

“No? He did not give himself time to find out how many nice people there are. He did not seem very happy about it when he came back. You see all his habits were formed—it was something so new for him. And though the people are extremely nice, and so hospitable and kind, they were different—from those he had been used to.”

Oona smiled a little. She did not see her new acquaintance from the best side, and there came into her mind a slightly bitter and astonished reflection that Walter, perhaps, preferred people like *this* to—other people. It was an altogether incoherent thought.

“Does he know that you are here?” she said.

“Oh, I don’t think he does—but he will soon find me out,” said Julia, with an answering smile. “He always tells me everything. We are such old friends, and perhaps something—more. To be sure that is not a thing to talk of: but there is something in your face which is so sweet, which invites confidence. With a little encouragement I believe I should tell you everything I ever did.”

She leaned over Oona as if she would have kissed her: but compliments so broad and easy disconcerted the Highland girl. She withdrew a little from this close contact.

“The wind is getting cold,” she said. “Perhaps we ought to go in. My mother always blames me for keeping strangers, who are not used to it, in this chilly air.”

“Ah, you do not encourage me,” Julia said. And then after a pause added, with the look of one preoccupied with a subject—“Is he there now?”

“I think Lord Erradeen is still at Kinloch-houran, if that is what you mean. That is another house of his among the trees.”

“How curious! two houses so close together. If you see him,” said Julia, rising to join her cousin who had come out to the door of the cottage with Mrs. Forrester, “if you see him, don’t, please don’t, tell him you have met me. I prefer that he should find it out. He is quite sure, oh, sooner than I want him, to find me out.”

And then the ladies were attended to the boat in the usual hospitable way.

“You will get back before it is dark,” said Mrs. Forrester. “I am always glad

of that, for the wind is cold from the hills, especially to strangers that are not used to our Highland climate. I take your visit very kind, Lady Herbert. In these days I can do so little for my friends—unless Sir Thomas would take his lunch with me some day, and that is no compliment to a gentleman that is out on the hills all his time, I have just no opportunity of showing attention. But if ye are going further north, my son, the present Mr. Forrester of Eaglescairn, would be delighted to be of any service. He knows how little his mother can do for her friends, perched up here in the middle of the water and without a gentleman in the house. Hamish, have ye got the cushions in, and are ye all ready? You’ll be sure to take her ladyship to where the carriage is waiting, and see that she has not a long way to walk.”

Thus talking, the kind lady saw her visitors off, and stood on the beach, waving her hand to them. The fur cloak had been transferred to her shoulders. It was the one wrap in which everybody believed. Oona, who moved so much more quickly, and had no need to pause to take breath, did not now require such careful wrapping. She too stood and waved her hand as the boat turned the corner of the isle. But her farewells were not so cordial as her mother’s. Julia’s talk had been very strange to Oona; it filled her with a vague fear. Something very different from the sensation with which she had heard Katie’s confessions on the subject of Lord Erradeen moved her now. An impression of unworthiness had stolen into her mind, she could not tell how. It was the first time she had been sensible of any thought of the kind. Walter had not been revealed to her in any of the circumstances of his past life. She had known him only during his visit at Kinloch-houran, and when he was in profound difficulty and agitation, in which her presence and succor had helped him she could not tell how, and when his appeal to her, his dependence on her, had seized hold of her mind and imagination with a force which it had taken her all this time to throw off, and which, alas! his first appearance and renewed appeal to her to stand by him had brought back again in spite of her resistance and against her will. She had been angry with herself and indignant at this involuntary subjugation—which he had not desired so far as she knew, nor dreamt of, until she had fallen under it—and had recognized, with a sort of despair and angry

sense of impotence, the renewal of this influence, which she seemed incapable of resisting. But Julia's words roused in her a different sentiment. Julia's laugh, the light insinuations of her tone, her claim of intimacy and previous knowledge, brought a revulsion of feeling so strong and powerful that she felt for the moment as if she had been delivered from her bonds. Delivered—but not with any pleasure in being free: for the deliverance meant the lowering of the image of him in whom she had suddenly found that union of something above her with something below, which is the man's chief charm to the woman, as probably it is the woman's chief charm to the man. He had been below her, he had needed her help, she had brought to him some principle of completeness, some moral support which was indispensable, without which he could not have stood fast. But now another kind of inferiority was suggested to her, which was not that in which a visionary and absolute youthful mind could find any charm, which it was difficult even to tolerate, which was an offence to her and to the pure and overmastering sentiment which had drawn her to him. If he was so near to Miss Herbert, so entirely on her level, making her his confidant, he could be nothing to Oona. She seemed to herself to burst her bonds and stand free—but not happily. Her heart was not the lighter for it. She would have liked to escape, yet to be able to bear him the same stainless regard, the same sympathy as ever; to help him still, to honor him in his resistance to all that was evil. All this happened on the afternoon of the day which Walter had begun with a despairing conviction that Oona's help must fail him *when she knew*. She had begun to know without any agency of his: and if it moved her so to become aware of a frivolous and foolish connection in which there was levity and vanity, and a fictitious counterfeit of higher sentiments but no harm, what would her feelings be when all the truth was unfolded to her? But neither did she know of the darker depths that lay below, nor was he aware of the revelation which had begun. Oona returned to the house with her mother's soft-voiced monologue in her ears, hearing vaguely a great many particulars of Lady Herbert's family and connections and of her being "really an acquisition, and Sir Thomas just an honest English sort of man, and Miss Herbert very pretty, and a nice companion for you, Oona," without reply, or with much consciousness of what

it was. "It is time you were indoors, mamma, for the wind is very cold," she said.

"Oh yes, Oona, it is very well for you to speak about me: but you must take your own advice and come in too. For you have nothing about your shoulders, and I have got the fur cloak."

"I am coming, mother," Oona said, and with these words turned from the door and going to the rocky parapet that bordered the little platform, cast an indignant glance towards the ruined walls so far beneath her on the water's edge, dark and cold, out of the reach of all those autumn glories that were fading in the sky. There was no light or sign of life about Kinloch-houran. She had looked out angrily, as one defrauded of much honest feeling had, she felt, a right to do; but something softened her as she looked and gazed—the darkness of it, the pathos of the ruin, the incompleteness, and voiceless yet appealing need. Was it possible that there was no need at all or vacancy there but what Miss Herbert, with her smiles and dimples, her laughing insinuations, her claim upon him from the past, and the first preference of youth, could supply? Oona felt a great sadness take the place of her indignation as she turned away. If that was so, how poor and small it all was—how different from what she had thought!

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

OF all books biographies are those which are the most capable of exhibiting the extremes of the liveliest height of interest or the lowest depth of profound dullness. The readable value of a biography depends, indeed, less upon the subject than on the manner in which it is treated. The materials for the life of the greatest man, whose personal qualities alone would suffice to attract interest, and who has also taken the foremost part in the history and politics of his time, may be placed in the biographer's crucible in two such different ways as, in one case, to produce a lump of lead, and in the other an ingot of gold. Compare, for instance, the life of Pitt as elaborated by Tomline, and the same subject as it appeared when taken up by the late Earl Stanhope. The first book, with all the advantages of personal acquaintance enjoyed by the writer, and

contemporary knowledge of the events in which his hero took so striking a part, is utterly unreadable, and is of little use as a mere repertory of facts. The second, on the other hand, is a book to be placed in such a choice collection of volumes as George the Third used to take with him to Weymouth — a veritable *livre de chevet*, such as every one would like to have at his bed-head, and, withal, giving an admirable account of all that Pitt did, and all that he could not do. The somewhat musty proverb which indicates who it is that sends meat and who it is that sends cooks, finds ample illustration in the larders and kitchens of biography. Many a tasteless and indigestible dish makes its appearance upon our reading-tables, the raw materials of which ought to have furnished an agreeable and solid meal; and sometimes a little morsel is dished up so daintily and with such a well-flavored and appropriate sauce, that we scarcely care to inquire whether it was originally fish, flesh, or fowl. The offenders in this sort are guilty of a double crime — they do injustice to their hero, and they deprive their contemporaries and posterity of a pleasure and satisfaction which they have the right to expect, in the case of a distinguished person who has deserved well of his country, in any department of life. Where would have been the memory of Samuel Johnson if it had been left to the care of a Sir John Hawkins, and had not been providentially kept alive by a Boswell? How can be estimated the loss that would have happened to successive generations of readers, if the young Scotch advocate and future Laird of Auchinleck had not taken his place in the reporter's box of private life at the right moment, and had not possessed that singular mixture of self-conceit and veneration which so completely fitted him for his task? All that fund of philosophy, of learning, of humor, and knowledge of human life, and that example of patience under suffering and true humanity, would have been lost. Madame d'Arlblay's delightful "Reminiscences" — itself a book belonging to the same class — and other fragmentary notices, would have done a little, perhaps, to keep up the knowledge of what the author of the dictionary and "Rasselas," and the "Lives of the Poets," and so forth, really was like; but we should then have possessed only a few feeble photographs instead of Boswell's splendid gallery of finished pictures. Boswell, too, set the example, in England at least, of

what a good biography ought to be. There is another proverb, so often quoted and so frequently misapplied, that one is sometimes tempted to wish that there had never been a hero or a *valet de chambre*. But Boswell certainly broke the neck of the older conventional notion about the dignity of biography, which was previously almost as much encumbered and really disguised in the solemn robes of life in public as its close relative, history, also used to be. If Walpole's and George Selwyn's letters could have been published somewhat closer to the time at which they were written, another blow would have been delivered in the same direction, and perhaps the longer enjoyment of a wholesome freedom might have prevented it from degenerating into the license which, in later times, has sometimes been allowed occasionally to take its place.

The recent year's biographies have not always been too guarded or unduly reticent; but on the whole, as in so many other things, the present generation may be congratulated on an improvement in its published lives. There is greater ease in their style, the contributions of friends are more freely sought and given, the repositories of letters are more readily opened and their contents communicated. We can see men more in their habits as they lived, and are admitted to more real intimacy with them. In a word we have more writers of lives like Earl Stanhope, and fewer like Bishop Tomline.

The last few months have been, perhaps, more prolific than usual in the production of the class of book which has the best chance of contending with the popularity of the novel, with the ruling gods of the circulating libraries, with the reading public, and with publishers. No doubt all of these are sufficiently indulgent to mediocrity, so long as it fairly satisfies the cravings and serves to fill the lists of subscribers to Mudie or the Grosvenor Gallery, and contrives at least to "bring home" the modern representatives of the Roman bibliopoles. It is a good sign of widening interest in all sorts of things which are worth knowing about, and in those who have successfully distinguished themselves in different fields of activity, to find how various have been the pursuits of those whose lives are now published and read with avidity. History is no longer confined to the account of battles and the intrigues of courts, but embraces other matters of certainly equal importance and interest. Life is restored

to the contents of the Public Record Office, of the private muniment-room, and of the statutes at large — themselves a still unexhausted source of illustration to public events and private habits and manners. It is no longer the case that the lives of sovereigns, of great warriors and of statesmen, excite the largest share of attention. In a list before us of works recently printed, which by no means purports to be a complete one, may be found the biographies of the lowly-born young Scotsman who became the successful founder of a great publishing firm — of a philosopher, the greatest since Newton, who lived out the full term and more of human life — of another too early taken from his work — of a gentle authoress — of the late chairman of the London School Board, and other public workers — of the great Oriental scholar — the Frenchman who broke from his early ecclesiastical training to become the apostle of emancipated thought — of well-born writers, some still among us, who have kept diaries, which are now communicated with all their special and varied experiences to the world — together with others to which reference may hereafter be made. In all varieties of life and pursuits, the same lesson is to be learnt — that genius avails little without patient work and endurance.

At the same time it may be remarked that what Sterne says on the choice of routes from Calais to Paris may be applied to the writing of some biographies. He names the towns through which most travellers, for the reasons assigned, prefer to go; and then mentions Beauvais as a way by which you may go if you will. "For which reason," he adds, "a great many choose to go by Beauvais." A similar exercise of pure volition is, perhaps, the best way of accounting for the publication of some of the lives which annually appear.

The compiler of the notice of the life of Daniel Macmillan\* is not wrong in saying that his story is one of sterling interest. He died early but had done good work. He rose from the humble position of a small bookseller's apprentice in an obscure provincial town to be a leading publisher in London and Cambridge, under the adverse circumstances of a struggle with ill health and mental doubts, which threatened to interfere seriously with his success in business and

with his sincere but liberal religious convictions. Brought up in the narrowest form of creed, he did not hesitate to become the publisher of the works of Maurice and Kingsley; and he was thoroughly acquainted with the wares in which he dealt — a rare excellence in the trade to which he belonged. While still only a seller of books, the extent of his own reading, and his own widely extended sympathies, led him to denounce publishers as a set of wretched men and fools; and when he became one of them himself, he worked manfully to improve his species, and to show that a publisher's duty was to be something more than that of a mere middleman between authors, printers, paper-makers, binders, and the reading public. He held that it was his vocation not only to drudge for bread, but to assist in the production of the best kinds of literature and to help to cultivate good taste and the love of the beautiful and the true. His admiration of "Guesses at Truth" procured for him the friendship of the Hares, to whom he was indebted for pecuniary assistance and introductions on establishing himself at Cambridge. Daniel Macmillan's account of his first visit at Hurstmonceaux is a capital description of the first impressions of such a society and such conversation as he there encountered upon a man of humble origin but of a truly refined and generous temper. He is content to enjoy and admire without any bitter reflections upon his own less advantageous lot in life, or depreciation of his new associates, and the scion of a peasant race, in this instance, mixes no gall with the cup of satisfaction and delight. The bulk of the matter placed at the disposal of Mr. Hughes is autobiographical, and he raises the question whether such records can be relied upon as trustworthy materials for a man's life. He mentions Franklin, Rousseau, and Goethe, but without solving the doubt. Each case must indeed be judged and decided by itself, and according to the nature of the man and the object for which a diary was kept, whether for the journalist's private use, or for the future reading of others — and each has his own peculiarities. Franklin wrote with the sturdy pride of a self-made man, but probably chiefly to give to the world the benefit of his own example. No one ever exposed his own rags and nakedness with so little shame as Rousseau; Goethe gave a tranquil reflection in still water of a career undisturbed by the great events which were in violent action around him in his

\* Memoir of Daniel Macmillan. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. Macmillan & Co., 1883.



youth and manhood. To take another instance, Macready kept his self-tormenting diary to record his faults, and to fix events and feelings which concerned him in his memory, in order that he might compare the self of the present with the self of former years. Accordingly he took little or no notice of what did not immediately affect himself, and those persons had no reason for indignation and disappointment who expected to see themselves mentioned and perchance praised, and who did not find what they may have looked for.

The introduction of the name of Maurice suggests the inquiry when the long-looked-for life of him, promised by one of his sons, is likely to see the light. Other important avocations no doubt afford an excuse for the delay which has been allowed to take place—but the hope must be expressed that its appearance will not be indefinitely postponed. When also may we expect to see published the biography of another Cambridge professor in a different line of distinction, and how long is the vindication of Sedgwick's scientific fame to be deferred? Continuing, however, to deal with Cambridge names and associations, let us pass on to one of the most eminent that has adorned that university since the time at least of Newton—yet Darwin\* had little connection with it, beyond the fact that his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, had belonged to it, and that he himself was a pupil of Henslow, the botanical professor—a circumstance, however, which was an important factor in the training for his future pursuits. Nor is it inappropriate to notice that the university distinctions, not in his own time available for himself, have since been acquired by his sons. The notices now reprinted from *Nature* can only be accepted as an initial instalment of a full biography. They relate only to scientific achievements, but proceeding as they do from the pen of Huxley and others equally qualified to speak of his work, they are of striking value. Still there is space for one who knew him best to dwell on the enormous labor and patience given to his investigations—on the modesty and love of truth for its own sake which chastened all his speculations—on the constant invitation of correction and criticism—on the charming personal qualities, and on the grand and cheerful simplicity of character which crowned all. Unlike Macmillan the great natural philosopher was

born of an established family, and in such easy circumstances that, like Sir Joseph Banks, he was able to enjoy his scientific work, in freedom from the cares of any profession or business. Like the former, however, he suffered from a constant want of health—which indeed perhaps brought with it the one advantage of protecting him from the snares and waste of time involved in going into general society—a dangerous temptation which Sir Humphry Davy and so many others, to their own great loss, have been unable to resist. The famous voyage of the "Beagle," in which Darwin took part, confirmed the teachings of Henslow. It was then that his observations on coral reefs led him to write his first geological work—and to show under what circumstances organisms individually insignificant have had so large a share in building up the fabric of the globe; while his study of the habits of the humble earth-worm, carried on afterwards for years in the quiet of his own country-seat, formed the subject of his last contribution to geological science, and demonstrated the considerable effect produced on land by that low and neglected portion of the animal kingdom. He was one of the first, too, to recognize and prove the enormous extent of ancient glacial action—and he had to combat not only popular errors but those of the scientific world. But it is to the principles chiefly developed in the "Origin of Species" that general attention has with reason been mostly drawn. He has shown how the earth was peopled by its living inhabitants, and their relations to each other in ancestry and mutual service—almost, one may say, completely solving the problem which Lamarck had attempted—and carrying back the history of organic life and its distribution on the surface of our planet to its earliest source. Lamarck's speculations indeed in this direction—great as he was in other things—were too wild and had too little basis of truth and observation to give him any right to claim to have played the part of Kepler to Darwin's Newton. The full meaning of Darwin's work, however, cannot and will not be appreciated for many generations to come, and he may then be generally recognized as the greatest observer and discoverer in the history of life whom the world has seen.

The name of a distinguished German laborer in the same field, although working in another part of it, may fittingly follow that of the English philosopher. It was Lorenz Oken who disputed with

\* Charles Darwin. Memorial Notices, reprinted from *Nature*. Macmillan & Co., 1883.



Goethe the honor of being the discoverer of the homologies of the vertebrate skeleton—a discovery so imaginative and beautiful as to be worthy of the great poet, who was not equally successful when he turned his attention to other branches of science. A biographical sketch,\* translated by Alfred Tulk from the German of Alexander Ecker, proves to be only a memorial paper read on the centenary of Oken's birth before a meeting of the German Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Baden-Baden in 1879. It might have been made more interesting. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Professor Owen tell the picturesque anecdote of how Oken's foot, in a walk through the Harz Mountains, accidentally struck the bleached skull of a deer, the dry bones of which thereupon fell apart, and symmetrically arranged themselves so as to reveal to him the truth of his theory, that they are in fact modified vertebrae—will be disappointed at the present version of the story. Oken's work in morphology and general biology is to some extent illustrated in the appended correspondence; but in his earlier days, unlike that of Darwin, it was much interfered with by the political troubles in which he allowed himself to become involved.

Returning from Göttingen and Munich to Cambridge, the recollections are encountered of a man intimately connected with that university, and whose loss in the prime of life and in the midst of his labors is so deeply to be deplored. James Clerk Maxwell† brought up to college with him an astonishing amount of knowledge. He learnt and taught much in Cambridge; he did a great deal of his most valuable work there; and he left an impress upon its modes of teaching of which future generations will reap the advantage. The two friends to whose loving care the task of doing justice to his memory has been committed have had ample materials, both of a public and private nature, to deal with, and the result is a book of rare value, whether as a record of scientific distinction or of a singularly interesting character in its domestic and social relations. In this case, again, may be noted the advantages of an ascertained position—of an ancestry conspicuous for good blood and ability, and of a congenial

home, admirably suited for the encouragement and development of the tastes and tendencies of the future professor of experimental physics. There was a remarkable boyhood and youth, during which the amusements of the child and the boy prefigured the important experiments and discoveries of later days. At fifteen, Clerk Maxwell communicated a paper on oval curves to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in which he made what was for him an original investigation of that which had long before been done by Descartes—a fact which appears to have escaped the attention of that learned body. While still an undergraduate he was engaged in important experimental work, and just before going up he had astonished a section of the British Association at Glasgow by rising to dispute a point in the theory of colors with the veteran Brewster. His contempt for the mere knack of solving problems—which still held so prominent a place in the Cambridge examinations of his day—may have led to his not winning the highest place in the mathematical tripos, but he took the second place, and was equal with the senior wrangler in contending for the Smith's prize. He loved the use of geometrical methods when applicable, and this probably led him the better to see and grasp things in their mutual relations in space, and helped to win for him the saying of Hopkins, the well-known private tutor, that it was not possible for Clerk Maxwell to think incorrectly on physical subjects. His range of work was wide; he combined the highest mathematical with the most dexterous and inventive experimental powers, and his views were at once large and accurate. His great treatise on electricity and magnetism was published after his return to Cambridge to settle there as teacher in the Cavendish Laboratory, which the university owes, together with a great part of its fittings, to the munificence of its chancellor, the Duke of Devonshire, and of which Clerk Maxwell directed the building and arrangements. His influence now was exercised in turning the mathematical studies of the place into more fruitful channels, and in promoting the study of the sciences of heat and electricity, which were especially placed under his charge, and the latter of which had been so much advanced by himself.

In private he was apt to be reserved, and his manners were original and simple, after the manner of so many of his countrymen, but he was in truth one of the most genial and amusing of men, and fond

\* Lorenz Oken. *A Biographical Sketch* by Alexander Ecker, from the German by Alfred Tulk. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1883.

† Life of J. C. Maxwell. By Lewis Campbell and William Garnett. Macmillan & Co., 1882.

of all that was quaint and original. His reading and information and interests in all directions were enormous, and he knew the Bible by heart. At Cambridge no less than at the paternal home in Galloway which he inherited, his loss was indeed a grave one, and in neither place will his memory soon or easily pass away. He had done much, but there remains much to do, and he must be mourned for like Spottiswoode, and Clifford, and Balfour and Palmer, and all who have been taken away before their work was completed.

Another Scotsman,\* an eccentric enthusiast in a humble station, has received an amount of attention to his tastes and peculiarities which seems disproportionate to his merits, and to any value which the example of his odd but hard-working life may have possessed. Yet the book devoted to recording them must have found readers and admirers, or it would not have reached a second edition. John Duncan lived twenty years beyond the usual term of human life, and in comparing this with the duration of other lives, one can only take refuge in the trite remark which dwells on the unequal way in which years, according to their deserts, are meted out to men, and remember that what Horace said centuries ago on this subject, is yet true, and will always be true. The survival of the fittest may have been best for the species, but it is not so for the individual. Still, there is a moral to be found in the simple annals of that protracted life, and in the patient gathering of scraps of scientific knowledge to cheer the dulness and want of an obscure lot, no less than from making acquaintance with the old-world ways of Scots peasants and artisans in Aberdeenshire, the memory of which, if worth preserving at all, has been well preserved by Mr. Jolly.

Again a singularly quiet and uneventful life, but passed under totally different conditions, was that of the gracious and accomplished authoress, Annie Keary,† which must be looked upon as worthy of notice rather as a study of the growth of a gentle and beautiful character than as affording much other ground for interest. The interior of her child-life, with all its playful fancies, is so well described as to bring it into vivid reality, and make one think what wonderful things children are,

and what a pity it is that they have to grow up into ordinary men and women. With Miss Keary, however, there was an after-life of family affection and devotion; and she may well claim to take her place among the women who have successfully used their gifts and opportunities in producing works of prose fiction. The dreams of a very imaginative childhood took substantial form in later life, and her books are full of youthful feeling and tenderness, as well as of delicate touches of observation. She was not a Burney, an Austen, nor an Edgeworth, but did good and gave pleasure in her day. Her choice of a name for herself in the next world, when near her end, seems best to express her objects and affections in life—it was "Sister-Aunt."

Champions of a righteous and successful cause will always command sympathy and respect, and to Isaac Lyon Goldsmid and his son Francis\* the English nation are largely indebted for the complete incorporation into all its rights and privileges of the members of the race and creed to which they belonged. Both were leaders in the foundation of University College, as a place where the highest forms of education might be obtained without restriction or reference to religious distinctions. Both were active in subsequently promoting the political freedom of the Jews in this country, and in procuring for them relief from every civil disability and disqualification. The father was the first Jew elected a member of the Royal Society, and the first of his faith who was created a baronet, while the son was the first Jew ever called to the English bar. Other Jews were admitted to high municipal office; but prejudice existing even among distinguished members of the Liberal party, which the future historian may find it difficult to explain or justify, delayed the final triumph of admission to Parliament, which was not achieved until after twenty-nine years of agitation. But perfection in human affairs has always been a plant of slow growth, and seems to proceed under some such necessary law of gradual development as that which regulates the progress of organic life. There must be embryonic and immature stages to go through before adult completeness is attained, and there need be no more wonder at the slow advancement of improvement in communities, than there is over the fact that every

\* John Duncan, Weaver and Botanist. By W. Jolly, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Second Edition. Kegan Paul & Co., 1883.

† Memoir of Annie Keary. By her sister. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co., 1883.

\* Memoir of Sir Francis Henry Goldsmid, Bart., Q.C., M.P. Second Edition. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1882.

man was at one time a child. For his generous example in extensive well-doing, and for his constant exertions on behalf of his race, both in England and abroad, the name of Sir Francis Goldsmid is one well worthy of recollection and record.

The son of a well-known Dissenting minister and the grandson of a watchmaker in the Strand, the late chairman of the London School Board\* was a typical example of the way in which Englishmen of ability and public spirit rise to eminence. His interest in educational matters gave him a right to occupy the post he filled; and he well deserved his seat in Parliament. That a man of such habits, and of such strong practical tendencies, should have been an antiquarian and a collector of curiosities and autographs, only furnishes another example of a many-sided character, and of the pleasure and advantage to be gained from the cultivation of some little plot of intellectual flower garden in a quiet corner of a man's great business estate.

Like Goldsmid and Reed, Samuel Sharpe† was a strong Liberal in politics, and along with them was a staunch promoter of education other than under the wing of the Established Church. These facts are naturally much dwelt upon by his biographer, and indeed in a spirit somewhat too exclusive and sectarian, and as if the record were intended chiefly for the delectation of the members of the religious denomination to which his hero belonged. In Sharpe's instance the pursuits of his leisure were of far greater importance than the employment of his professional life. As an Egyptologist, as an Hebrew and Greek scholar, and as the author of a new translation of the Old and New Testaments, he has left his mark. As nephew to Samuel Rogers, the Unitarian banker, he saw something of the literary society of his time to which he might not otherwise have obtained access. The association in kinship and in business of the two men was indeed incongruous. The company which frequented the poet's breakfasts in St. James's Place had little in common with the people to whom their host originally belonged. His family could show a remarkable middle-class pedigree, and a history of widely ramified connections, exhibiting much success and usefulness in life. Among them it seems to have been

held that descent from a Puritan ancestor insured the possession of every kind of physical and moral excellence. It may be hoped that this is true, since (apart from any exact statistics) it is clear that many more Englishmen and Americans are descended from a Puritan stock than from the families of the Cavaliers.

The "Recollections" of Ernest Renan\* form a contribution to the best kind of autobiography. Renan has not, however, intended to lay before the world of readers a full and detailed history of his own life. Feelings of affectionate reserve and delicacy for others have prevented him from doing this, and his recollections include some charming memories which have little personal relation to himself. Further, his conceptions of what an autobiography should be may be accepted as true, and are best explained by himself in referring to the title chosen by Goethe for his own memoirs, "Truth and Poetry," meaning that a man's account of himself must be a compound of the real and of the imaginative. No man can thoroughly understand himself, or exhibit himself to others in his true colors and proportions. It is fortunate when the writer, like Goethe and Renan, is a poet, and can produce such recollections as they have done, and, in the case of the latter, is one who can so well, in this shape, give opinions for the publication of which his former works have not afforded just occasion. The intellectual and moral development of the sometime pupil at Tréguier and St. Sulpice, and the future author of the "*Vie de Jésus*," and the more important volumes which followed it, was indeed to a certain extent capable of being understood from the works. But it is seldom that such phenomena can be studied in the compass of the lifetime of a single individual. They are such as usually have to be considered as belonging to the history of nations, or of schools of thought which have existed for many generations. What has to be studied is something of a far more complex and gradual nature than the more sudden changes which produced a Mahomet or a Luther. Nor is the antagonism to so much of generally received opinion of a sort to be promoted by any appeals to temporal or spiritual force, or likely to be entirely stamped out, as the Reformation actually was in Spain, and narrowly escaped sharing the same fate in

\* Memoir of Sir Charles Reed. By his Son, Charles E. B. Reed, M.A. Macmillan & Co., 1883.

† Samuel Sharpe, Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible. By P. W. Clayden. Kegan Paul & Co., 1883.

\* Recollections of My Youth. By Ernest Renan. Translated from the French by C. B. Pitman, and revised by Madame Renan. Chapman & Hall, 1883.

France. It is individual progress, however, in which Renan is content to take his place as an unit in the period to which he belongs. For that is the heir of all former ages, and should be proud of its heritage, but still more so in looking forward to the time which shall inherit from itself the legacy of the past, further enriched by the wealth of its own acquisition. Renan says, "*J'aime le passé, mais je porte envie à l'avenir,*" and remarks on the delight with which the greatest philosophers of former times would read any popular treatise on modern science, and he indulges himself in the impossible wish of seeing what will be the common school-books of a century hence. The danger to which human society may be exposed by a general advance along the lines of intellectual progress and political liberty, as tending to the destruction of individuality and towards a possible universal vulgarization of everything, seems hardly to be a serious one. The example, if indeed they really offer one, of the United States at the present time, can hardly be accepted. A national existence of a century's standing only, and at an epoch of such rapid and momentous changes in the aspects of science and government, cannot be relied upon as an ascertained type of the permanent condition likely to be attained under the given circumstances. It is as rash to attempt to do so, as it would be to try to infer the adult future of an animal or plant from an adolescent specimen submitted for the first time to the observation of a naturalist. Wise and far-sighted Americans will not agree in the opinion that the features which at present are the least admirable in the community to which they belong, are necessarily incapable of improvement. Even if a high table-land of generally diffused knowledge and universal equality were ever to be created by the elevation of the lower strata of the human formation to the level of the existing highest — there can be nothing to prevent a fresh start from it and the raising of still more eminent peaks.

When M. Renan gives his opinions on the political bearing of events within his own experience and in his own country, they are of the utmost interest and value; but he confines himself to the various effects exercised by different governments upon the intelligence of the nation, without reference to its material prosperity, and he cannot expect to receive general assent to the proposition that the one object in life is the development of the

mind, although no one will be found to dispute that liberty of thought is an absolute requisite for giving scope to mental advancement. After all, the question may be asked whether liberty of thought will always lead to liberty, and whether liberty is always possible and to be attained. We live in a world of surroundings, physical and psychical, in which no free, unconditional standpoint can be found as a basis for investigation. It is a world of contrasts and mutualities, or, at least, we can only see it as such. Is it possible to define separately good and evil, light and darkness, pleasure and pain, positive and negative, past and present, acid and alkali, or the constituents of a hundred other similar couples? All we can do is to measure an arbitrary baseline, and correct it afterwards from the observations which are themselves made on the provisional hypothesis that it is correct. We have to try to arrive at some conception of the infinite and unknown, by a process of isolation. We begin, in physics, by minute and limited experiments in the test tube, with the microscope, or the prism, and are thus ever enlarging the bounds of the ascertained; we begin and we end in physics with definition and dogmatism. Even in the oldest and most precise of all the exact sciences, Euclid extorts from the youngest learner of geometry a confession of belief in a certain property of parallel lines, which makes as large a demand upon his confiding and unquestioning faith, as ever was made by the least reasonable of theological dogmas. Nor have modern geometricians, in their endeavors to improve upon Euclid, succeeded in getting on without some very similar axiom. While endeavoring to remove one set of fetters on the mind, they substitute another. And so it has been with other reformers and in a larger field of action. There is an amount of ceremonial and articulated belief still insisted upon by all denominations of Protestants, and often the most by those who have raised the loudest outcries against them, and whose leaders have made the most careful provision against a relapse under thralldom: and the latest sect of philosophical religionists have provided themselves with a brand-new set of manacles, and take pride in the possession of their self-imposed and pedantic rearrangement of ancient usages, with a new calendar and a novel hagiology of their own.

In the earlier days of Tréguier, Renan lived in a surrounding more resembling

what might have existed at the end of the Middle Ages, than what was to be found in the rest of France and Europe at the time of the Revolution of 1830. His destination was to be an ecclesiastic; he conceived no other career possible, and he never questioned anything he was told by the clergy until he went to Paris at the age of sixteen. The position and training of the priest, for good as for evil, is finely shown in the beautiful tale of the "*Eroyeur de Lin*," and Renan's temperament, romantic and reverential, came from his Breton descent and early acquaintance with the half-pagan beliefs and ideal legends which still flourished in his boyhood. To Paris, however, and to the preliminary seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, the scholastic merits of the young Breton, without choice of his own, compelled him to go. He was sent for by superior authority as one likely to be a creditable pupil. Dupanloup, the courtly churchman who attended Talleyrand's edifying death-bed, of which Renan gives a most charming description, was at the head of the seminary, and his educational abilities thoroughly well suited him to his post. But the contrast between the grave reality of his old teachers and the less serious and more mundane ways of the Paris preceptors, soon shook the new student's faith, and the process of disintegration was carried on by the perusal of Michelet's "*History of France*," which opened up a whole new world. After the classical course under Dupanloup came the philosophical teaching at the branch of St. Sulpice at Issy, and it was St. Sulpice which completed what had begun at St. Nicholas; but Renan claims for St. Sulpice that it represents all that is most upright in religion, and that it is an admirable school of virtue, politeness, modesty, and self-sacrifice, and has the merit of according to its pupils a large amount of liberty. Here Renan spent two years of solitude, not once even coming into Paris, engrossed in study from which, however, all modern literature was excluded, and joining in no games. But it was not the philosophical and scholastic reading at Issy that destroyed his faith: this was accomplished by his subsequent acquaintance with historical criticism. Another two years were spent at St. Sulpice, but when the usual time arrived for ordination as a sub-deacon the step was refused, and the young man who had been looked on as a future teacher in the Church, now declined to participate in its sacraments, and, still receiving the utmost

kindness from his late instructors, he began the life of a layman as an assistant master in a school. How the humble usher became the celebrated Oriental professor and great writer need not be traced. The time may come when this too will be told in his own lucid and fascinating style—a style which it is difficult to reproduce in another language, although the revision of his translated recollections by so accomplished a mistress of the English language as Madame Renan, secures all that is possible to be done in this respect.

It cannot be expected that much of novelty could be found to enlarge the old materials for a life of the great Dean of St. Patrick's; \* yet some fresh matter remained for his latest biographer, partly gathered from what was in Forster's possession, but unused in his incomplete work, and partly from other sources. The fragment of autobiography is reprinted with some alterations of apparent authority. It is now conclusively proved that Swift was the author of the "*History of the Last Four Years of Queen Anne*." The abstract of a manuscript copy, found by Mr. Elwin among the "*Birch Papers*" in the British Museum, leaves no room for doubt on this long-disputed question. The journal of 1727, left by Forster to the South Kensington Museum, is curious, and describes the miseries of imprisonment at Holyhead while waiting for the packet-boat to sail across the Irish Channel. If there ever was any reasonable ground for believing that no ceremony of marriage between Swift and Stella took place, it must now be taken as dispelled by the clear result of the latest examination of the evidence. The gloom of temper and fits of giddiness which afflicted Swift ever since a certain youthful surfeit of fruit at Moor Park, together with the lamentable years at the end of his life, can no longer be referred to madness—incipient or confirmed; nor can any apology for eccentricity or errors in conduct be sustained on this hypothesis. High medical authorities agree that Swift's disease was not insanity but a specific malady, which long tortured him but without affecting his reason. If a name is wanted for it, it was *epileptic vertigo*; and the deafness, to which he was also sometimes subject, was due to an affection of the ear to be called *labyrinthine vertigo*.

In another matter about which there

\* The Life of Jonathan Swift. By Henry Craik, M.A. John Murray, 1882.



has been some controversy, it must now be accepted with certainty that the issue of Wood's halpence was a scandalous job, effected by the grossest bribery and corruption, and that Swift's attack on the government in the famous "Drapier Letters" was made in a righteous cause.

That a friend should undertake to write an account of the political career of a public man in his lifetime is proof sufficient that the life has been an honorable one, and without stain or reproach. Indeed, Mr. Charles Villiers himself,\* and all who admire public spirit, perseverance, and abnegation of self, have ample reason for regarding it with satisfaction and as an example to be studied. Those only who cannot claim the right altogether to share in these feelings must be the survivors or political descendants of those who, while professing Liberal opinions, either wanted the sagacity or the courage to support the earliest leaders in the cause of free trade, and who only flocked to the standard when the battle was nearly won. Other good public work there has also been done by the man who took so foremost a part in repealing the Corn Laws, during his comparatively short tenure of congenial office. During his fifty years' representation of the same constituency in the House of Commons, he has seen his own early programme realized, together with the introduction of a vast variety of other changes for which he has consistently contended. Others have received greater rewards, but none have established a character so entirely pure and disinterested.

Every one must be much obliged to Viscountess Enfield for not having delayed longer the publication of the charming memoirs of her uncle, Henry Greville.† Belonging, as he did, to the best society in England and France, having been at one time in the diplomatic service, and with a place at court, he has left behind him very pleasant traces of himself. His diary sparkles with anecdotes, which occur like the natural crystals in a rock, and do not seem to be put in like the plums in a pudding by the hands of the cook. The starting-point could not be a better one than at Lady Jersey's, in the London season of 1832, when the loss of Talleyrand was the subject of conversa-

tion. Of him there is luckily much to be told afterwards. Then there was Taglioni dancing—in the days of the old glories of the ballet; Pasta singing, and Mars acting; and passing from gay to grave, there was a famous London beauty dying of cholera; and Antwerp bombarded, in the process of creating the kingdom of Belgium. A party staying at Chatsworth were all delighted with the little princess, who was, some years later, to assume the cares of royalty. In those days it sometimes took twelve hours to cross the Channel to Calais, and it was thought wonderful for a courier to get to Brussels from London in twenty-five hours. We hear who gets the vacant blue ribbon and who refused it, and why; and all is told in so easy a style, that one may almost fancy some of the diary to belong to the last century, and to have been written in Arlington Street or from Strawberry Hill. There is the journey of the "hurried Hudson" to fetch Sir Robert Peel from Rome, and the many attempts on Louis Philippe's life, and all the French politics of the time when the writer was in the embassy at Paris. Henry Greville was a connoisseur in music, and was intimate with Bellini and Mario, and always shows his interest in the opera and the theatre, and those who belonged to them. It is natural, however, that as a man becomes more seriously engaged in the affairs of life his recollections should undergo some change, and become more and more a *résumé* of passing public events. Indeed, Henry Greville complains of the difficulty of keeping a journal in London. Great events are so great, and the little ones are so trivial, that it is not easy to decide what is worth recording. After a conversation on the subject with his brother Charles, some thirty years before the publication of the latter's diary, he puts down the somewhat prophetic remark that what will afterwards prove the most amusing is that which had better not be recorded. It is better, however, to leave a good deal to the responsibility of a discreet editor, than to sacrifice the opportunity of being amusing to the certainty of decorous dullness, and Viscountess Enfield seems to have thoroughly understood what was due to her brother's memory and to his friends.

It would be strange if the son of a duke, familiar with the interior of palatial houses, and in the enjoyment of every advantage of social position, could not produce a readable book of "Reminiscences,"\* even

\* The Free-Trade Speeches of the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, M. P., with a Political Memoir. Edited by a Member of the Cobden Club. Kegan Paul & Co., 1883.

† Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by the Viscountess Enfield. Smith, Elder and Co., 1883.

\* My Reminiscences. By Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. Kegan Paul & Co., 1883.



though published at a time of life when men do not usually begin to think of looking backwards. Accordingly, Lord Ronald Gower has written a very readable book, and some of the personages who figure in Henry Greville's memoirs are again encountered. There are early days, and family history, and Cambridge days, and the House of Commons, and Continental travel, and anecdotes of distinguished men and public characters, and accounts of his own work in art, and of the modern grand tour to Australia and America, and a concluding chapter, in which are bracketed together Taine, Sarah Bernhardt, and the Earl of Beaconsfield.

It is certainly remarkable that no full and separate account of the life of so distinguished a naval officer as Lord Keith should have until recently appeared. It is now supplied from original documents,\* chiefly preserved in the charter-room at Tulliallan Castle. In his youth it was, unfortunately, not considered a decent thing for young men of good family to go into the wine or tea trades, or to become bankers or members of the Stock Exchange, and so the future admiral was put into the navy. His life thenceforward is identified with his public services and with the history of the country. He was engaged in the American war and at the capture of Charlestown; he was in the expedition to Toulon; he was at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope, and compelled the surrender of the Dutch fleet. Keith's firmness and moderation were of signal service at the terrible crisis of the mutinies at the Nore and at Plymouth. He was in command in the Mediterranean when Genoa was blockaded and capitulated, with unfortunately so little result upon the future fortunes of the war. He acted with Sir Ralph Abercromby in the expedition to Egypt; and was in command of the Channel Fleet at Plymouth when Buonaparte arrived there in 1815. His last public service was the difficult and delicate one of seeing him off to St. Helena. Little or nothing has been told of his private life, but it may be noted that he married one of Thrale's daughters—the "Queenie" of Dr. Johnson; and that his daughter became the well-known Countess Flahault. In a couple of volumes, full of light gossip and amusing anecdotes, Colonel Ramsay† has given

his experiences of army life, both with his regiment and in important staff employment, together with passing recollections of his social hours, and of Continental residence and travel. General de Ainslie\* seems to have found life pleasant enough, both in service and out of it, and has made a similar contribution to current literature. An old Bohemian,† who preserves an *incognito*, but whom it is not very difficult to recognize, has given to the world his reminiscences of several lands and varieties of men, and of many different experiences of life.

In the case of Handel‡ there is a departure from the law of heredity, of which so many instances have been previously noted. Neither before nor since the appearance of the great George Frederick has any other member of the family to which he belonged emerged from the ordinary crowd. No early surroundings in any way tended to provoke or encourage musical taste, as they did with Mozart and Beethoven. He shone out suddenly like a bright star in the heavens, to disappear again, and cannot be referred to any stellar system. It is the pride of England to be able to claim Handel as her own. Our royal family, under the Hanoverian succession, has ever been distinguished for its love of music, and it was through George I. that the great German-born composer came among us. The greatest collection of his manuscript scores is in the queen's library at Buckingham Palace. English audiences had the merit of first appreciating Handel's compositions, which now form part of our national possessions; and England was and is the only country in which they did and do still enjoy adequate honor and popularity. Handel lived and died among us, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is fitting, therefore, that in England should appear his latest biography, executed, as it is, on the word of so competent a critic as Sir George Grove, in a manner altogether worthy of its subject, and rendered interesting both to the scientific and the general reader. Mr. Rockstro's minute examination of the autograph and other early scores of the "Messiah" leads to the conclusion that no living man has ever heard it as Handel wrote it, and the suggestion made that the second cente-

\* Life as I have Found It. By General de Ainslie. W. Blackwood and Sons, 1883.

† Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian. A New Edition. Tinsley Brothers, 1884.

‡ Life of Handel. By W. S. Rockstro, with Introductory Notice by George Grove, D.C.L. Macmillan & Co., 1883.

\* Memoir of the Honorable George Keith Elphinstone, K.B. Viscount Keith, Admiral of the Red. By Alexander Allardyce. W. Blackwood & Sons, 1882.

† Rough Recollections of Military Service and Society. By Lieut.-Col. Balcarres D. Wardlaw Ramsay. W. Blackwood and Sons, 1882.

nary of his birth, which will soon arrive, should be made the occasion for so performing it, is one deserving of sympathy and encouragement. The discussion of the legend of the origin of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" is curious, and on the whole it seems that the popular story is likely enough to be true. The very traditional anvil from Edgeware, on which Handel is said to have heard the tune beaten out, is alive to this day, and when struck gives out a true musical note.

Coming upon the collection of Mac-lise's portraits,\* originally published some fifty years since in *Fraser's Magazine*, and now reproduced with the addition of memoirs, in a cheap and reduced form, is like opening a cabinet of miniatures after having passed through a gallery of full-length pictures. We may here gaze at leisure on the celebrities in literature and a few others of the first thirty years of the present century, and look on the features of one or two who, like Thackeray, hardly belong to the period which purports to be illustrated. The list of English names is indeed a wonderful one, and could not be matched, or anything like it, by any other country attempting to claim the production of as many men of distinction in letters during an equal number of years; nor indeed by England itself during the last thirty or forty years. Certainly not in poetry or fiction. It is remarkable also to note how many of the novelists, from Scott downwards, were distinguished in other ways and in other branches of literature, such as Bulwer, Morier, Martineau, Godwin, and D'Israeli. Out of the eighty-four persons represented, only two were men of science—Faraday, and at an immeasurable distance, Lardner. This would not now be the case, when we have Tyndall, Huxley, and so many good men of science, who are also popular authors. Of pure writers of history Hallam is the only one; and here again a more recent list of eminent authors would be much fuller and of far more importance. In poetry the numbers are altogether in favor of the earlier period.

W. F. POLLOCK.

\* Mac-lise's Portrait Gallery. Chatto & Windus, 1883.

From The Argosy.

#### CHERRY ROPER'S PENANCE.

##### I.

ON a cold Saturday in January, Charity Roper broke in upon me. I did not lock my door against her, even mentally; but there was something about the girl which always made me use *sudden* words in speaking of her. She was not noisy, or bustling; but she always seemed to take you by surprise, never doing or saying what you would expect, and always appearing where you did not look for her.

"Why, Cherry, my dear," I exclaimed: "I thought you were in London."

"So I was, yesterday," she returned; "but that doesn't hinder my being here to-day, does it? Do you usually take more than twenty-four hours on the journey?"

"No, you absurd child; but I thought you were to stay a month with your cousins."

"They thought so, I dare say, and I let them think; it was no business of mine what they thought. But I was bored there; so yesterday afternoon, when they were all gone to a lecture, or something stupid, I just packed up my traps, and came away."

"Without letting them know, or saying good-bye?"

"Why not? It saved a lot of trouble. I hate good-byes, and they would have bothered me to know why I wouldn't stay."

"They will never ask you there again."

"Oh, yes, they will. They want me to make their parties go off. Besides, they know my way. I wrote them a sweet little note last night when I got home, and told them a lot of stories. *Par exemple*, I told them that I had fancied from the mother's letters lately that she was not very bright, and that when I began thinking about her yesterday afternoon, I couldn't stand it any longer, and had to see for myself how she was. So you see, instead of thinking me a wretch, they are now admiring my filial devotion. Rather good, isn't it?"

"It is rather good that you have come home, I think, though it need not have been quite so abruptly; for I have not been quite happy about your mother myself."

"Why! she hasn't had one of her upsets, and kept it from me, has she?" asked Cherry quickly. "It struck me she was looking white."

"Oh, no; it is only that this damp

weather has not seemed to agree with her, and I thought she was just in the state in which a little overdoing, or a chill, would bring one on. Now you are at home she will be all right."

"I'll see to her. I'll keep her in cotton, until the clouds dry up, and the river goes down. But I rather think it will be gun-cotton; for the fact is, Mrs. Singleton, that of all the quarrels mamma and I were ever engaged upon, the present is the finest specimen."

Cherry threw off her fur cape, and settled her muddy boots on the fender-stool, with an air of enjoying the situation.

"I am sorry to hear it," I said. "But I don't think it is any business of mine."

"No business of yours, perhaps," returned Cherry. "But I have come out to-day in the wind on purpose to tell you, and you must listen to me. I want support and sympathy in this matter."

I resigned myself to listen.

"It's about Mr. Goldthorpe," resumed Cherry. "Do you know him?"

"Is it any relation of the old gentleman who was staying with the Mintons in the autumn?"

"That gentleman's father was my Mr. Goldthorpe's mother's husband, and I have always understood that she was only married once, and had but one son."

"Your Mr. Goldthorpe, Cherry?"

"I'm coming to that. In the first place, I wish to observe that he is not *old*, but only *elderly*; to be exact, he was fifty-seven last birthday."

"He looks more," I remarked.

"What does look matter?" she demanded scornfully. "Well, I met him two or three times when he was with the Mintons, as you say, and he seemed to take a fancy to your humble servant; but I never thought of its coming to anything. Then he turned up again when I was in London this time, and was always coming to Portman Square. He sent me bouquets, and tickets for the opera, and one evening he all but declared himself, but I escaped, and the next day he sent me a bracelet. I thought then it was time to run away, and here I am. Now you have the true inner history of my *Hegira*."

"And a very tangled history it is, now I have got it. I don't understand what you mean to do, or what you have been doing, or why you have done it. I wonder if you know yourself?"

"I do know, quite well. I mean to marry Mr. Goldthorpe. I did not let him propose to me at once, because I hadn't quite made up my mind; and then I didn't

like the affair going on in somebody else's house, and the *mater* knowing nothing about it. So I came back to her, thinking she would be as pleased as Punch; and a nice return I got for my dutifulness."

"What did she say?"

"Asked me if I loved him! And when I couldn't produce feelings exactly up to boiling point, cooled down what feelings I had with floods of sentiment. This morning we had another talk, of a less affecting nature; and she told me right out that I was going to sell myself, and that she would never give her consent. In fact, if I had wanted to marry an ensign living on his pay — instead of a financier with 10,000*l.* a year, she couldn't have been more cruelly, sternly unrelenting."

"Probably she would have been less so."

"I dare say. It's rather queer to have all the sentimentality on the mother's side, and all the common sense on the daughter's; but such is the progress of the age we live in. Now, you see, we are at the dead lock."

"I see. But, Cherry, why are you so bent on this marriage? You are young and pretty — you know it as well as I do; much happier chances may come to you."

"They may, and also they mayn't. This one has, and it may never come again. Besides, I wouldn't make a romantic marriage for anything; it's sure to be unlucky, by way of carrying out its character."

"But need you make such a very unromantic one as this? I won't say anything about love; but is Mr. Goldthorpe a man whom you can heartily like and respect?"

"I like him — as well as most women like their husbands. I feel that I soon could get used to him, which is a fair average of matrimonial felicity. And Mr. Goldthorpe is an honorable man, respected by all who know him. I shall be respected as his wife."

"And that satisfies you?"

"One can't have everything. Look here, Mrs. Singleton. I am just sick of being poor, *sick* of it. I hate having to save and scrape, and travel third class, and dye my old dresses. I hate seeing mamma pale and drooping, when a month at the seaside would put her to rights. Poverty is miserable, and wretched, and degrading; I've had to stand it all my life, but now I have a chance of escape, I should be simply a fool if I let it slip."

Cherry spoke in desperate earnest, staring into the fire, while the angry spots burnt larger and larger in her cheeks. After a pause, I said, —

"I had hoped something quite different for you. I thought last summer that you and Hugh Carfield understood each other."

"Dr. Carfield has no right and no reason to complain of anything that I may do," Cherry replied stiffly. "There was never the shadow of an engagement between us."

"No, but I am sure that he thought he had more than the shadow of a hope."

"That was his folly, then. But I didn't come here to talk about Dr. Carfield. I came because the Indian box from Mrs. McClure arrived this morning. She has sent a lot of lovely things for the Mission Bazaar, mixed up with presents for us, and things for her children; and we've been unpacking them half the day. And mamma wants you to come in to tea on Monday, and look at them; for she will have to pack up all the bazaar things on Tuesday, and send them in to London."

"Very well; tell her, with my love, that I should like to come very much, and I will be in about four."

"That's right: you'll oblige me also by so doing. I got a note from Mr. Goldthorpe by the afternoon post (prompt, wasn't it?) asking my leave to come down and call on Monday afternoon. Of course there is no doubt what that means. Now you'll keep mamma quiet, and so I can give him his opportunity nicely, and get things settled. I am sure you will always be on the side of distressed lovers," she concluded, with a whimsical glance at me.

"I don't see any lovers in this case," I said gravely, "nor any distress; and I don't feel called upon to co-operate. You must excuse me to your mother, Cherry; I shall not go: it will be much better for her to see Mr. Goldthorpe, and for you all to settle your affairs in my absence."

"Ah, but I shan't excuse you," cried Cherry, jumping up from her chair, and making a pirouette on one toe. "You aren't engaged, and you aren't unwell, and you said you would come, and you must. I'll take no other message than the one you gave me. Good-bye, until Monday."

And the door was shut behind her, before I could repeat my refusal.

I don't think I have much to add to what she said about herself in order to make the situation clear. Her mother

was a widow, with a small income, of which she seldom spoke, and never complained. Mrs. Roper had lived her life, and accepted the limitations of her fate; poverty and self-denial were entirely tolerable to her, but the slightest deviation from her fastidious standard of honorableness was not. And it was to such a mother that this wilful girl declared her intention of perjuring herself at the altar, and swearing to love, honor, and obey a man to whom she meant to do neither, in consideration of the luxuries that money can buy! I knew how deeply wounded she must be, in every fibre of her proud and sensitive spirit, and I grieved for her.

Then, too, I was hurt about this business of Hugh Carfield. He was Dr. Bramston's partner, and a quiet young man, but very clever in his profession, and nice in every way. Dr. Bramston had for many years enjoyed a vested right in killing and curing the inhabitants of Tamston, disputed only by a stray homœopath, whom nobody patronized, except the Dissenters. However, Dr. Bramston's cob had for some time seemed to be going slower and slower, and there were those among us who had misgivings as to whether his master were not falling equally behind the times. So we were not sorry when he anticipated competition by bringing down a youthful partner, fresh from Paris and Berlin, with the latest medical science at his fingers' ends. I was particularly pleased, for Hugh Carfield came with a special introduction to me from his mother, who was one of my oldest and dearest friends, though we had not met for years. I was anxious to know and like her son, but he was rather shy, and much absorbed in his work; and it was only during the illnesses of little Tim and Lena Graham that I really came to know him. Since then we had become intimate. When I have said that he only needed experience to make him a perfect doctor, I have said all that is possible; for it has always seemed to me that the union of tenderness, firmness, patience, and skill, which forms the ideal (often realized) of his profession, represents all but the highest type of human nature.

But my favorite had given his whole heart's love to Cherry Roper, and she had smiled on him for a summer, and now was ready to throw him over for a stockbroker old enough to be her father! I was angry and disgusted with the girl, though I could never resist her witcheries when she was present. I would not go, and be made

her tool, and engage her mother's attentions, while she hooked her elderly lover—not I!

Nevertheless, when Monday came, I went.

## II.

It was about a quarter of an hour's walk from my house to Mrs. Roper's, which stood near the river, a little way outside Tamston. The nearest way from the highroad was a path leading to a footbridge over a stream, which ran past the lawn. The stream was now flooded, and I found the water just up to the level of the bridge, and could barely cross without wetting my feet. The river had risen over the intervening meadows, and lines of hedges alone enabled one to recognize localities, like meridians over the oceans in a map. The house stood on a little piece of rising ground, and the garden sloped down from it; the lower half was now covered with muddy water.

The creepers on the house were bare brown stems, the flower-beds were empty; and I thought to myself that Mr. Goldthorpe's first impressions would certainly not be cheering.

The second impressions would be reassuring, though, if he felt, as I did, the pleasantness of the tiny drawing-room into which I stepped, almost from the hall-door. Carpets, curtains, and chair-covers might be shabby; but the green-house door was filled up with a blaze of primulas, cyclamen and crocuses, the fruit of Mrs. Roper's clever and untiring gardening; a bright fire sparkled upon the array of fanciful Indian ornaments and drapery displayed on a side-table, and various pretty foreign "objects," and a few good water-color sketches, decorated the walls as permanent inhabitants. Mrs. Roper herself, unmistakably a lady, in her quiet black dress and soft white cap and shawl, presented no alarming spectacle to a man in search of a mother-in-law. I thought Cherry looked less pretty than usual, rather too smartly dressed, and rattling a lot of bangles whenever she moved, which was every minute, as she seemed unable to sit still.

I duly inspected the Indian articles, poor Mrs. Roper displaying them in peaceful unconsciousness of any fresh disturbance impending; but I own that I could only give them half my attention, while I listened for a step outside. Presently, there came a heavy crunch on the gravel, and a loud knock which seemed almost in the room. There was a startled pause

among us three ladies; Cherry turned scarlet; her mother glanced at her, and understood it all. The flush was reflected more faintly on her delicate cheeks, and she seated herself to await the event. We heard the little maidservant open the door, and a rather loud man's voice enquire for Miss Roper; then followed a shuffling and stumping with overcoat and umbrella; the little maid announced some name hitherto unknown to history, and retired behind the door to let the visitor enter.

I really cannot describe Mr. Goldthorpe, because there is nothing to describe about him. Walk down Old Broad Street early in any week-day afternoon, and you will be sure to meet half-a-dozen prosperous elderly gentlemen, any one of whom will do to represent Cherry Roper's latest lover. He had "City" stamped on every line of his face and every fold of his clothing; and I felt sure that Mrs. Roper (whose connections were all with the Church and the army) was inwardly turning up the nose of gentility. With this phase of her feelings I did not so deeply sympathize.

"How do you do, Mr. Goldthorpe?" she said, rising to greet him. "I did not expect to see you in Tamston at this time of year; visitors are apt to be frightened by our floods."

"Didn't you, ma'am? Ah!—I—I thought you might have."

Mrs. Roper glanced at Cherry again, but the girl sat mute and uncomfortable.

"No; I did not know that you were likely to be in the neighborhood; but you must not put an inhospitable construction on my surprise. Let me give you a cup of tea. I hope you did not get your feet wet in coming."

"Thank you; no sugar, please. The roads are abominably muddy; I ought to apologize for the state of my boots; but there's nothing to wet one. Not that I care about wet feet; I never coddle. I suppose that in summer this is quite a pleasant situation?" he added, turning the subject.

"Oh, yes," said Cherry. "We have a dear little lawn. It is at the bottom of the stream now, but in summer the stream is at the bottom of it, and we keep a boat there, and can go on the river whenever we like."

"Ah, quite so. Just the place to do the rural in then, but not the thing for winter. You should come into town, ma'am; there's always something going on in London, even at the dearest season.



And Miss Roper is quite wasted down here."

"This is my home," answered Mrs. Roper coldly. "I have neither the wish nor the power to leave it, and I should be sorry if my daughter could not be contented without gaiety."

"Oh, I get occasional runs to London," put in Cherry. "And even in winter you see we manage to have some summer indoors," directing his attention to the flowers.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Goldthorpe, taking the suggestion with greater quickness than I should have expected from him. "You have a fine show, indeed. May I look at them a little closer? I do a little in primulas myself, or rather my head gardener does. He took first prize at the last show, but there was nothing there to match that plant in the middle."

After this, talk languished, and I had to do my best to help. Mr. Goldthorpe could neither find an excuse for staying, nor for going away. He picked up his hat from the carpet, changed it about from one hand to the other, and put it down again, more than once, while Cherry counted her bangles over and over again. At last, he pulled out his watch, and took a tremendous resolution.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am, but important business obliges me to leave by the 6.30 train. It won't do for me to miss it."

"On no account," Mrs. Roper assented cordially. "The time of you gentlemen in business is so valuable that we could not attempt to detain you."

"But before I go, I should wish to speak a word to you in private, if you please, if Miss Roper and this lady will excuse me," with a comprehensive bow.

"I will trouble you to come into the dining-room, then," said Mrs. Roper, rising. "I know I need not apologize to Mrs. Singleton."

"No, indeed," I said; "but you must allow me to say good-bye first. It is high time for me to be going home." And home I went; but, as I afterwards heard the history of the conversation from Mrs. Roper, I am in a position to continue the narrative, notwithstanding.

Mr. Goldthorpe planted himself at one side of the little square table, and deposited his hat upon the red cloth, with an air of coming to business. Mrs. Roper sat facing him on the other side, ready for battle.

"I suppose, ma'am," he began, "that Miss Roper has informed you why I am here to-day."

"I think I told you, when you first came, Mr. Goldthorpe, that your arrival was unexpected by me."

"Ah! she left the explanations to me. Well, I am here to explain."

"Pray do not suppose that a friendly visit needs any explanation. I look upon yours to-day in that light: I beg that you will not ask me to regard it in any other."

"But I do ask you, ma'am. I came for a purpose; and when I have a purpose, I always carry it out—and, what's more, I succeed in it."

"It will be wiser, then, for you not to pursue one in which you have no prospect of success."

"Let there be no misunderstanding between us, ma'am," said Mr. Goldthorpe hurriedly. "I have the highest possible esteem and respect for yourself, but it is your daughter that I want to marry."

Mrs. Roper nearly sprang from her chair in indignation, but insulted dignity gave her additional self-possession, and she replied,—

"Although such a misapprehension might have naturally arisen, considering the respective ages of all concerned, yet I assure you, sir, that it never for a moment crossed my mind. My daughter told me that you had paid her considerable attention while in London; and I conceived that the reason of your presence here was to ask my consent to your suit."

"So it is, ma'am; so it is," said Mr. Goldthorpe, reassured; "and I hope I have it."

"On the contrary, I have been endeavoring, indirectly, to make you understand that it is useless to ask for it."

"Useless!" he cried. "You don't know what you're saying—you don't know who you're talking to."

"I beg your pardon, I know quite well."

"I dare say you think, because I'm a stockbroker, that I'm a speculator; and that my wife and children may be millionaires one day, and beggars the next. But I've seen too much of that sort of game. It's no business of any one's what I do with the money I keep loose at my banker's; but there's 60,000*l.* invested in government stocks and United States bonds and some good railways, that I haven't touched for ten years, and don't mean to. And when I marry, I'll settle every penny of that on my wife and her children; so that, if I went through the courts next month, she should keep her carriage all the same."

"I will not attempt to discuss the honorableness of that arrangement," an-

swered Mrs. Roper icily. "I am aware that commercial honor is a different thing from what I have known by the name. My objection is of a different kind altogether."

"Is it my age?" broke in Mr. Goldthorpe. "I was only fifty-seven last birthday, and I'm stronger than most of the young fellows I know. Besides, I'll make her a better husband than a boy, that hasn't half sown his wild oats, and will be wanting his own way, instead of giving her hers."

"I must own that I think such a serious disparity of age a great objection," Mrs. Roper replied; "but that is not the only ground. Mr. Goldthorpe, has my daughter ever led you to believe that she loved you?"

"Why, I certainly thought the young lady did not seem unfavorably disposed towards me. But, without having had it from her own lips, I should not like to use such a strong expression."

"I am glad to hear you say so; I did not believe she would have deceived you. Am I to understand that you love her?"

"Well, really, the fact that I am ready to ask her to be my wife is proof enough that I feel towards her as I ought. I'm not a sentimental man — never professed to be; and I don't know that I can get up a grand passion. But I like Miss Roper better than any young lady I ever met. She will make me a good wife; I'll make her a good husband; and, without boasting, I may say that when she is Mrs. Goldthorpe, there'll be a good many women who would give something to stand in her shoes."

"She will never be Mrs. Goldthorpe with my consent," said Mrs. Roper, rising.

"Not?" said Mr. Goldthorpe blankly.

"Certainly not. If she wished to marry to poverty, should I not have a right to forbid her? And have I not a right to forbid her to marry to poverty of the heart, which is ten thousand times as miserable? If you had not money enough between you to live upon, you would recognize my right to say no. You have not love enough between you to live upon, and I say it far more emphatically."

"Miss Roper is of age, I understand?"

"She is, Mr. Goldthorpe. I am perfectly aware that I have no legal right to hinder her from acting as she chooses; but any moral right that I have — I shall exercise to the full."

"Well, I shall give the young lady the opportunity of deciding for herself. I suppose I cannot see her here."

"I shall not make my house a prison for my daughter. She is at liberty to receive you if, after consideration, she wishes to do so. I refuse nothing but my personal consent to a marriage without affection, which must result in misery to one or both."

"You have no right, Mrs. Roper, to doubt my affection for your daughter, because I can't make speeches about it."

"I do not doubt its reality, Mr. Goldthorpe, but I doubt its adequacy; and I doubt hers for you still more. Be persuaded; think the matter over, and seek a more suitable partner. In any case, believe that I intend no discourtesy to yourself."

"Do you think it over, too, ma'am, and you'll see things more reasonably. I have to go to Paris to-morrow, but when I come back I'll run down again. Give my best compliments to Miss Roper; I brought a ring that I hoped to give her, but that will be for next time. Good-evening, ma'am."

And he bowed himself out, leaving poor Mrs. Roper to face Cherry. I fancy she had small pleasure out of the fact that she was left the undoubted victor in that afternoon's campaign.

### III.

Of course I did not like to visit Mead Cottage again in a hurry, as if I were anxious to hear what had happened in my absence; but I had not very long to wait. Mrs. Roper was one of those unfortunate persons whose mind and body act and react upon each other so closely, that it is always open to kind friends to call their mental sufferings indigestion, and their bodily ailments "nerves." She was at church on Sunday, but on Monday she was prostrate, and was very unwell for two or three days. Cherry ostentatiously blamed the damp, and I privately blamed Cherry. She would not send for me while her mother was actually ill, and there certainly was no occasion, as she was herself the cleverest and tenderest of nurses; but on Thursday I had a note from her, asking me to spend the whole of the next day with them, and mentioning that I should have to go round by the road, as the little foot-bridge was now quite under water.

"One more such victory, and you are undone, my poor friend," I remarked that Friday afternoon, after I had enjoyed Mrs. Roper's narrative of her encounter with Mr. Goldthorpe. "It has taken too much out of you."

"What does that matter?" she said.

"It has given Cherry time to think again; and she only needs time for thought. My child could not do such a thing deliberately. This little illness of mine has been a fortunate thing. It has given us both occupation, and allowed us to hold our tongues. We should have vexed each other if we had been shut up together these wet days, and obliged to talk."

We were sitting in the drawing-room, Mrs. Roper reclining, invalid fashion, in an easy-chair well lined with pillows, and wrapped in a large white shawl. Suddenly a loud knock came to the door. She started, and flushed painfully.

"It is that man again," she said. "Oh! I did not think it would have been so soon."

"Let me tell him that you are too unwell to see him," I said, making a move towards the door; but she stopped me.

"He does not want to see me; it is Cherry; and I promised that he should see her, if she chose. He must come in."

As we were speaking, the door was opened. It was Mr. Goldthorpe who had knocked, and he did ask only for Cherry; but it never occurred to stupid little Jane to do anything but show him into the drawing-room, while she went in great excitement to tell her. Of course he fell into a confusion of apologies and explanations when he saw the state of affairs, but he did not offer the best of all possible apologies by taking himself away. On the contrary, he discoursed about his journey to Paris until Cherry appeared. She looked flushed and serious, and greeted him quietly.

After about ten minutes of company talk, she said, —

"You will excuse me, I am sure, Mr. Goldthorpe; but now that mamma is so unwell, she is my first object — and when you arrived, I was doing a little cooking for her which I cannot leave to the servant. I must go back and see to it."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Goldthorpe; "don't mind me, I beg. I shall feel gratified by your not standing upon ceremony with me, and I am sure Mrs. Roper must feel an appetite for food cooked by your hands."

"Then I will say good-bye," said Cherry, holding out her hand.

"But aren't you coming back? I don't mind waiting. I only came from Paris this morning, and I have come down here at once to see you." His voice grew quite piteous.

"Oh, yes, I am coming back," said

Cherry, glancing at her mother rather uncertainly. "But you see we are a little put out just at present."

Mrs. Roper's hospitable instincts now came uppermost.

"Suppose, dear, you combine that cookery for me with tea for everybody; Mr. Goldthorpe needs some refreshment, I am sure, after his tiring day; and Mrs. Singleton likes to go home early."

There was general acquiescence; Cherry departed to her household cares, and Mr. Goldthorpe and I talked Paris with redoubled vigor. In about half an hour, a pleasant and substantial meal appeared, over which Cherry presided. Her lover expanded in the presence of his goddess; he was radiant with good humor, paid compliments all round, especially to her, and actually told some anecdotes, at which he laughed very loudly himself. Cherry smiled amiably, and I thought of the days when she would know them all by heart, and have to laugh as dutifully the seventh time of hearing as the first.

After tea she sang us a couple of pretty songs, and Mr. Goldthorpe sat by the piano, and beat time. If there is any practice calculated to drive a singer distracted, it is that; and Cherry's forehead wrinkled, and she left out a verse of her second song.

"That's the sort of singing I like in a lady," he remarked when she had finished. "No fuss about it, no screaming or running all about the place; but just a pretty little song that you can enjoy after dinner. When I want professionals, I can pay for them."

This dubious compliment perhaps accounted for the slight bang with which Cherry shut the piano; and I rose to say good-night, knowing that Mrs. Roper must be tired, and hoping that Mr. Goldthorpe would follow my example, and postpone his proposal to a more favorable opportunity.

"I shall see you safe on the highroad," said Cherry decisively. "Our lane is not in a state for you to travel by yourself in the dark. I'll get the lantern."

She speedily reappeared, cloaked, and bearing the lantern; and of course Mr. Goldthorpe could do nothing else but offer to carry it. We started off, but did not go far. We had barely gone round the corner of the house when a lapping sound close by startled us. Mr. Goldthorpe held the lantern lower, and it gleamed upon water lying on the ground walk. He held it higher, and it gleamed upon water covering the whole path, and we could

hear the stream gurgling through the gate at the end.

"The flood must have risen tremendously fast," said Cherry. "Why, you came through this way three hours ago, Mr. Goldthorpe?"

"Upon my word, I couldn't have believed it," he said, much perturbed. "I never guessed anything of this sort was likely to happen."

"I wonder if I could wade it," I speculated.

"Impossible," said Cherry decisively. "The ground rather falls than rises beyond the garden gate, as far as the first turn of the lane. You would find the water deeper the farther you went."

"And we could not manage the boat in the dark?"

"We could not get to it. It is laid up — as we thought, high and dry — on the mound near the shrubbery; but there is a stream between us and it now."

"Then what is to be done?" asked Mr. Goldthorpe.

"There is only one thing to be done," Cherry answered gaily. "You must resign yourselves to circumstances, and be our prisoners for to-night. We'll put you up somehow — you must not be too particular, and in the morning, if you can't make your escape in our own boat, we shall easily be able to signal some one to bring us a punt."

"I, for one, shall be contented to be a prisoner to so fair a gaoler," said Mr. Goldthorpe gallantly.

I reappeared in the house, feeling somewhat discomfited; but Cherry and her lover were in high spirits. Explanations were made to Mrs. Roper, whom Cherry insisted on taking off to bed; and after she had disposed of her for the night, arrangements for the accommodation of her unexpected guests kept her busy away from us. Mr. Goldthorpe, sitting alone in the drawing-room with me, began to look on the shady side of his imprisonment.

"I suppose we are sure to be able to get a boat in the morning?" he questioned anxiously.

"It depends upon whether any come this way or not, I should say," I replied. "I must say that I cannot think what is to bring them."

"But if I don't get a boat, I can't get back to town; and I must be at my office at twelve to-morrow. I have a most important engagement."

"Then I hope you will get a boat."

"At any rate, this sort of thing can't

last. The river will go down as fast as it came up, I dare say."

"Floods have been known to last three weeks without abating," I told him for his encouragement. I was willing that Cherry should see how cross he could be. In spite of his fine speeches, he was rapidly falling into that state of mind; and when Cherry announced that our rooms were ready, he made no attempt to detain her for the *tête-à-tête* which now at length was possible, but took his candle, and marched away gloomily to his chamber. Cherry gave me her room, and went to her mother's; but I did not sleep very well in her little white bed, for the river whirled confusedly through my dreams.

With the first gleam of daylight I was at the window, and looked out upon a sea of brown waters. I afterwards learned that a weir had burst, which accounted for the rapid rise. The water was up to the very walls of the house, and flowing past it in a strong stream. Evidently, there was no possibility of escape from within. Was there any of rescue from without?

I did not feel very cheerful as I went down to breakfast, nor did Mr. Goldthorpe look so. He was standing at the dining-room window, watching for boats.

"This is a bad business, ma'am," he said, as I came in.

"I hope there is nothing worse before us than a few hours in comfortable quarters and pleasant society," I replied, trying to be cheerful.

"As to the society, there can be no doubt; the quarters are not quite the same thing. Habit, you know, ma'am, is second nature; and I must own that I find it difficult to dispense with certain little comforts."

At this juncture Cherry entered, followed by Jane with a tray, and I must say that Mr. Goldthorpe did full justice to the little comforts that were still at his disposal. Mrs. Roper was reported not so well, having had a wakeful night, and I knew to what to attribute it.

Would Mr. Goldthorpe use his opportunity? No man ever had a better. Here he was, shut up with his lady-love for hours, her mother safe out of the way, and her other chaperon frequently sitting with the invalid. I knew at least one other who would have cared little in such a situation for floods outside and business in London, but thought himself in Paradise. Mr. Goldthorpe was of a different opinion. He kept perpetually fidgeting over to the window, looking out for the

boat that never came, and interrupting all attempts at talk or occupation.

"It's no use, Mr. Goldthorpe," said Cherry at last. "Nothing seems to pass us except some poor man's swede turnips. You'd better occupy yourself in fishing for them. We may be thankful to have them for dinner in a day or two."

"For dinner!"

"Well, seriously, things look somewhat blue. We have very little room for keeping anything in this house, and we get most things in small quantities. The butcher was to have called this very day, and unless he takes boat to us now, we shall be short commons at dinner-time. The only things that we have a good supply of are flour, bacon, tea, and jam."

"We shan't starve, at any rate," I remarked, much relieved by the presence of tea in the list.

"But one can't live on flour and bacon," said Mr. Goldthorpe in dismay.

"Flour can be made into bread, and I shall proceed to effect the conversion, if necessary," laughed Cherry. "If we can't live on bread, bacon, and tea, for a day or two, we must be Sybarites."

"One need not be a Sybarite to object to living like a farm-laborer," Mr. Goldthorpe muttered. "Really, when one lives in such a place, one should make provision for what may happen."

Cherry did not reply, but left the room rather offended. By-and-by she recovered her temper, and her sense of duty towards Mr. Goldthorpe. She returned to the drawing-room, and tried with all her might to entertain him. She sang to him until he got up and walked to the window, yawning, and looking out for boats. She played cribbage with him until he grew tired of beating her, and she grew tired of being beaten. She took her work, and waited for him to begin making love to her; but he never began. In the intense ennui of that day, the poor girl did ample penance for the sin of her flirtation with him.

At last, about the middle of the afternoon, an idea struck her.

"If you are so very anxious to go, Mr. Goldthorpe, can't you make an attempt to get the boat? It is only at the other side of the shrubbery, tied up, and the oars are in the house. I don't think the water can be above your knees anywhere between us and it, and once you had got to it, you would be all right."

"Let me tell you, Miss Roper," he replied ill-temperedly, "that it is not so easy to walk in a current of water up to one's

knees; I should probably lose my footing. And when I had got the boat, it would be of no use. I am not accustomed to rowing, especially in such awkward places as this. I should certainly be upset, and drowned, and I prefer the chance of being starved."

Cherry subsided, and the day dragged through without any heroic attempt at remedy. We had what I should have thought a nice and sufficient little dinner, but for Mr. Goldthorpe's scarcely disguised disgust; and we ladies enjoyed an hour's peace, while he slept after it. We all went to bed early; and if ever a girl looked utterly fagged and worn-out, it was Cherry Roper on the night of that wet Saturday which was to have been her betrothal day.

#### IV.

MORNING dawned, and a dreary light spread slowly over a dreary scene. We had agreed that ten o'clock would be quite soon enough for breakfast, and about that hour I wended my way downstairs. The hall door was open, and Mr. Goldthorpe stood at it, staring out dismally at the prospect, and keeping up his everlasting watch for boats. So far from falling, the flood had risen in the night, and it was now nearly up to the step. Marked only by the tops of submerged hedges and palings, the brown water stretched in front of us over miles of country. We could not tell how far it spread, for trees bounded our view; but under and around every visible object there was the dull gleam of water. The trees swayed in the current across the meadows, the pines dipped their needles into the quiet stream that overflowed the shrubberies, distant roofs seemed to rise out of the river, and we could hear a faint lowing, as of cows in distress. Every now and then something indistinguishable would float down the main stream, too far away for us to make out what it might be, though we strained our eyes; but never came a boat. Indeed, none could have come by way of the river; it would have been impossible for any to have lived in such a current. The sky was heavy, and looked full of rain; and there seemed no reason why the flood should ever go down.

It was not a cheerful sight, and I turned from it to meet Cherry in the dining-room.

"Breakfast is ready," she said. "We have eaten all our bread, and so I have made some hot cakes. But matters are



growing serious. I find Jane was mistaken in telling me that we had plenty of flour; we have only about as much left as I have used this morning. The moral of that is—to-morrow we shall probably starve."

"I don't think we shall be left to starve," I said, as cheerfully as I could; "people will be sure to remember what a predicament we must be in."

"I don't know who there is to think much about us," said Cherry drearily. "And that boat lying there, a few yards off! Oh, if we only had a *man* with us, instead of a *fogey*!"

The fogey was summoned to breakfast, and told the state of affairs, and that it was necessary to make our provisions go as far as we could. He only replied that of course a boat would come, and it was nonsense to starve ourselves; he, for one, was not going to do it. And accordingly, while Cherry and I ate only enough to keep us going, he made extra havoc among the precious cakes, by way of protest against our abstinence. Cherry's patience at last gave way, and when he made a momentary pause, she rose from table and carried away the dish. Mr. Goldthorpe glared after her.

"Polite, upon my word!" he remarked.

I could not stand any more of him just then, and left the room. I was going upstairs when I heard a sudden call from Cherry in the kitchen. I hurried to her; she was standing at the back door, with clasped hands and gleaming eyes.

"A boat!" she cried; "a boat, coming here!"

I looked where she pointed, and, through one of the bare hedges, could see something moving in a neighboring field.

"Let us call," I said; "it may not come to us."

"It is coming," said Cherry; "don't you trouble."

"I wonder who it can be?" I remarked innocently.

She turned, and flashed a look at me. "A friend of yours," she said, her eyes dancing with fun; "come to take you home to luncheon. There'll be all the more cakes for Mr. Goldthorpe's tea."

The boatman knew his way, apparently; he was feeling along the hedge for a thin place, where he could force his boat through, for of course it was impossible to open any gates. We could hear him breaking away boughs. Presently, there appeared among the thorns what proved to be the bow of a light river gig, and slowly the inmate pushed and pulled himself and

his boat through. The instant that he had done so, however, he was in the full current of the stream which flowed past the lawn; his boat was whirled round, and swept away towards the river. He had been obliged to draw in his oars when passing her through the hedge, and now he could not at once get them into use. In that moment, how far he had been carried! Could he recover himself? We watched helplessly and breathlessly. There was not only the danger of the boat's being carried into the river, but of its being wrecked against something under water, which he could not see or know of. But he knew his ground. He let the stream carry him past the garden, and out into the meadow beyond. There, of course, the current was slackier, and he easily pulled aside out of it into the comparatively quiet water, where he could turn his boat round. We had rushed to one of the up-stair windows, and could see the incidents of the perilous little voyage. Without encountering the stream a second time, the oarsman made his way into the garden through a weak place in the hedge at the bottom, as he had broken in from the field, and slowly poled himself up between the rose-bushes. By that time the whole household was gathered at the door, to welcome Hugh Carfield. Of course it was he: Cherry had known it from the first, and I had not been long in guessing who was most likely to have come to our rescue.

"Are you all well?" shouted the young man, almost before he was within speaking distance.

"All well," responded Mr. Goldthorpe, with an air of responsibility. "I hope you have brought us provisions."

"Everything I could think of that would go in my boat," answered Hugh, bringing it up to the steps.

"You see I was right," said Mr. Goldthorpe, turning round to us. "I told you that a boat would come, and that such measures as Miss Roper proposed this morning were quite unnecessary. But young ladies always like to do the heroic."

It was so provoking that he *had* been right, that, if I had not been so hungry myself, I could almost have wished that relief had not come so soon. But by this time Mrs. Roper was shaking hands with our deliverer.

"I don't know how to thank you, Dr. Carfield," she said, "for coming to help us—and at such risk, too!"

"Don't take too much to yourself, mamma," laughed Cherry. "Dr. Carfield

would never have left Mrs. Singleton to starve." Then, in a lower tone she added, as she clasped her hand: "It was good of you to come. I was never so glad of anything in my life as to see your boat behind the hedge."

Hugh could find nothing nice to say, of course — Englishmen never can when they are the heroes of the situation; so he only asked how we had fared. After we had related our experiences (or some of them), a council of war was held, at which it was promptly and unanimously decided that Hugh should return to the town, and send punts at once to remove the whole party, the men being provided with hatchets to cut away the gates which blocked the lane. Mrs. Roper and Cherry would return with me to my house. He departed, taking a more circuitous and safer route than that by which he had come. Cherry watched him out of sight; and then we made a hasty but very cheerful supplement to our short breakfast, and proceeded to devote ourselves to the task of packing up what they needed to take with them, and putting the house in a state to be left empty. We were so absorbed in our work that we never heard the arrival of the first punt. The sound of voices outside, however, drew us to the house-door, just in time to see it pushing off, with Mr. Goldthorpe seated inside. When he caught sight of us he waved his hand, and called out, —

"Excuse my not saying good-bye, ladies: important business — must catch next train; your boat will be up in a minute."

Cherry stood for a moment in speechless indignation, then burst out laughing.

"He is gone," she cried. "Hurrah! I never was so rejoiced to see any one's back. The Old Man of the Sea was a joke to him, Michael Scott's familiar spirit was a pleasant companion. He is the worst incubus that ever a set of unfortunate women had on their shoulders for two interminable days!" Then turning to her mother, she added with intense gravity: "I am quite satisfied now, mamma, that I did right in discouraging Mr. Goldthorpe. You must see for yourself that it never would have done."

That was Cherry Roper's only *peccavi*, but it was quite enough for her mother. I doubt that even Hugh got much more out of her at any time; but if she kept her contrition to herself, and made confession to nobody, she at any rate made ample satisfaction for her fit of worldliness. For when Mr. Goldthorpe recov-

ered himself, and wrote a formal proposal of marriage she refused him with equal formality; and a month or two later, her engagement to Hugh Carfield was announced. He is not exactly a poor man, but he is not likely ever to be a rich one; yet Cherry seems perfectly contented. She herself accounts for it by saying that the great merit of a doctor as a husband is that you don't have enough of his society to get tired of him.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### EARTH MOVEMENTS IN JAVA.

THOSE who in recent times have begun to doubt whether the records of ancient earthquakes can possibly be veracious — whether tens of thousands of human beings have ever been destroyed by earthquakes — must have had their doubts displaced by the account of the terrible earthquake in Java. Here not only such numbers as the ancient records mention have perished, but the aspect of an extent of earth-surface to be measured certainly by hundreds of thousands of square miles has been altered. The earth-fashioning power of volcanic forces has been displayed, as Sir Charles Lyell long since showed that they may be displayed in our own times; and the truth is made clear to us that though the period of volcanic disturbances, in which the mountain ranges were formed, may be removed by hundreds of thousands of years from the present era, yet this era is in truth part of that remote one. The earth's frame is still instinct with the fiery energies to which the Alps and the Apennines, the Himalayas, the Andes, and the Rocky Mountains, owe their formation.

The region of disturbance in which the recent great earthquake occurred has long been known to geologists as one in which the earth's subterranean forces show themselves most actively. It has been said of the whole range of islands, from the Aleutian Islands to Sumatra, extending along the eastern and south-eastern coast-line of Asia, that they are but the upraised parts of a region of the earth's crust which is simply alive with the action of subterranean forces. Professor Milne, of Japan, has said of a portion of this region, and certainly not the most active portion, that earthquakes are in reality of almost momentary occurrence, though it will, of course, be understood that in so speaking he refers not to earthquakes

which can be clearly felt, still less to those which can destroy life, but to those undulations and oscillations of the earth's crust which, imperceptible by ordinary observation, are rendered evident by the action of delicate seismometers.

Java itself, though it has not been heretofore the scene of quite such disastrous earthquakes as have occurred in other places (as, for instance, in Sicily and Calabria in the Old World, and in Peru and Chili in the New), is nevertheless one of the most singularly volcanic regions of the earth. There are thirty-eight large volcanoes in Java, some of which are more than ten thousand feet in height. It is a peculiarity of the earthquakes in this region that they seldom eject lava, but enormous masses of mud—"rivers of mud," they have been called, flow from them. Enormous quantities of sulphur are also emitted, with sulphurous vapors poisoning the air for miles around. Van der Boon Mesch, speaking of the eruption of Galunggung, in Java, on October 8, 1822, says that the mountain began to belch forth hot water and a mass of mud and burning sulphur, and the streams of these overflowed fields distant more than ten miles from the mountains.

This mountain of Galunggung is situate in the interior of Java, far from the scene of the recent earthquake. In 1822 its sides were covered with forest trees. All around was a fruitful region, and the district was inhabited by a numerous and thriving community. Even as Vesuvius, at the beginning of this century, had long been supposed dead, so was it with Galunggung. No tradition remained among the people that this mountain had ever been in eruption, though a circular hollow at its summit showed the student of geology that the mountain had once been an active volcano. It was noticed in June, 1822, that the waters of the river Kunir, or Chikunir, one of several flowing from the flanks of Galunggung, were hot and muddy. They deposited a white powder, exhaled a sulphurous odor, and became acid and bitter to the taste. On October 8, at one in the afternoon, terrible roarings were heard. The mountain was immediately hidden by a dense smoke, and hot waters, muddy and sulphurous, poured from all sides down the flanks of the mountain, destroying and bearing away all that they encountered in their passage. With horror men saw, says Léopold de Buch, the river Chiwulem, at Badang, carrying down towards the sea an immense number of corpses of men and animals

—rhinoceroses, tigers, stags, and even entire houses. For two hours, he goes on, this eruption of hot and muddy water continued; but these two hours sufficed to consummate the ruin and the devastation of a whole province. After it ceased (at three in the afternoon) a heavy rain of cinders and lapilli destroyed such trees and fields as hitherto had escaped. At five calm was restored, and the mountain reappeared. But all the villages around, every single habitation, to a distance of several leagues from the mountain, had been covered in by mud. On the 12th, at seven in the evening, the mountain again began its work of destruction. On this occasion the torrents of hot and muddy water rushed so violently towards the valleys that they bore with them rocks and forests (*des forêts entières*) in such sort that hills were raised in parts where a moment before there had been but a plain. "It was soon impossible," adds De Buch, whose account we have followed, "to recognize this valley, formerly so fertile and so well peopled."

Sir Charles Lyell, speaking of this eruption, says that "immense columns of hot water and boiling mud, mixed with burning brimstone, ashes and lapilli of the size of nuts, were projected from the mountain like a waterspout with such prodigious violence that large quantities fell beyond the river Tandui, which is forty miles distant." This stupendous energy of ejection has been doubted. If the Tandui River was really overpassed by the range of these lapilli, the distance traversed certainly exceeded forty miles, as Mr. Peacock has shown in a recent work ("Saturated Steam the Motive Power in Volcanoes and Earthquakes"). In fact, on the shortest distance between Galunggung and the Tandui River there are forty geographical miles, or forty-six English miles. The range is enormous. Our most powerful cannon, in which all the forces exerted are carefully directed to obtain velocity of outrush, will not propel missiles, even when these are specially prepared to travel with the least possible resistance through the air, to a greater distance than seven or eight miles. Eruptive forces capable of projecting light matter to a distance of over forty miles, though the chief part of their energies must of necessity have been engaged in ejecting the torrents of mud and water which changed the whole aspect of the region round the volcano, must have been of terrible might. As the straw shows which way the wind blows, so the fall of

one of the least and highest of these lapilli beyond the Tandui showed the fearful nature of the forces at work beneath Galunggung. It is noteworthy, however, that the forces exerted within the mountain seem to have been directed at a considerable angle to the vertical. Had the mud and water and lapilli been projected equally in all directions above the horizon, the quantity falling around the mountain would have been rather greater near the crater than at a distance from it. But actually the reverse was the case. For it was remarked, says Lyell, "that the boiling mud and cinders were projected with such violence from the mountain, that while remote villages were utterly destroyed and buried, others much nearer the volcano were scarcely injured." A space of twenty-four mountains between the mountain and Tandui was covered, Lyell adds, "to such a depth with bluish mud, that people were buried in their houses, and not a trace of the numerous villages and plantations throughout that extent was visible." It was estimated that about four thousand persons perished on this occasion.

The eruption of Papandayung in 1772 was even more terrible, though we have not records so complete. Formerly Papandayung was one of the highest volcanoes in Java. But suddenly the sides of the mountain gave way. A region fifteen miles long and six broad was engulfed. Forty villages were destroyed, some disappearing with the sinking earth, others being buried under the masses of mud and clay thrown out from the mountain. The cone was reduced from nine thousand feet in height to about five thousand. In this case, as in the eruption of Galunggung, the ejected matter reached enormous distances; for Junghuhn, who examined the mountain in 1842, found that towns and villages were destroyed which were far from the cone; they were buried, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, under a mass of ejected matter. Junghuhn infers that the lowering of the mountain was due for the most part to explosion rather than engulfment. But there seems to me no sufficient reasons for disbelieving the statements made in 1772, to the effect that the flanks of the mountains fell in before the eruption began. About three thousand perished on this occasion.

It has been noted, and with justice, that several circumstances in the eruption of Papandayung, in 1772, resemble, though on even a grander scale, the tremendous

eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79. The reduction of the crater in height corresponds to the change in the height of Somma, the ancient crater of Vesuvius, when, after many centuries of quiescence, the volcano again became active. Moreover, as Sir Charles Lyell says, it is probable that a new cone will one day rise out of the ruins of the ancient Papandayung, even as the modern Vesuvius has risen from the remains of Somma.

The earthquake of Sumbawa, in 1815, belongs to the disturbances which we associate with the Javan volcanic system, although Sumbawa is about two hundred miles from the eastern extremity of Java. Yet this earthquake is related to the Javan disturbances somewhat as the Chilean earthquakes are related to those in Peru; they indicate movements on opposite sides of a sort of centre of relative quiescence. It is, indeed, noteworthy that Sumatra, Java, and Bali (the small island between Java and the Straits of Lombok), may be regarded as forming a single volcanic region; while those on the other or eastern side of the Straits of Lombok, including Sumbawa, belong to a different region of volcanic disturbance. The Straits of Lombok, though narrow, deserve to be regarded as forming a special dividing line between two distinct regions; for the simple reason that the Straits of Sunda, and the passages between the various islands between Java and the Lombok straits, are demonstrably of much more recent formation than the deep rift through which the Straits of Lombok flow. "The Straits of Lombok are only fifteen miles across," says Lyell, "less wide than the Straits of Dover; and yet the contrast between the animals of various classes on both sides of this narrow channel is as great as that between the old and new worlds."

It is, indeed, surprising that the difference, not only in species but it genera, should be as great between the fauna of Lombok and the fauna of Bali, as we usually find only where a wide ocean flows between two regions. On one side we have the fauna proper to the Indian region, on the other the Australasian fauna. This extends to the human race. On one side of the Straits of Lombok we have the Malay type, and on the other the Pacific type (including Papuans and Polynesians, as well as Australasians). So far as human races are concerned, we can infer nothing as to a past connection between Sumatra, Borneo, Java, and Bali, on the one hand, and between Celebes,

the Moluccas, New Guinea, Timor, Floris, Sumbawa, and Lombok, on the other; for men could readily cross from island to island. But when we find all races of animals in one set of islands akin to each other, and those in the other set akin to each other but altogether distinct from the former, it becomes as certain that the Straits of Sunda, and the other straits separating each set of islands, were of comparatively recent formation, as that the Straits of Lombok must have been an impassable barrier for all animals, except those domesticated by man, for periods of time of much greater duration.

The earthquake of Sumbawa, in 1815, was comparable with the recent earthquake so far as the material changes wrought by it were concerned, though not in the destruction of life and property. The eruption began on April 5, though it is noteworthy that in April, 1814, the volcano had given signs of activity, ashes flung from within it having fallen on the decks of passing vessels. The sound of the explosions which accompanied the beginning of the earthquake-throes on April 5, 1815, were heard in Sumatra on the west, at a distance of more than seven hundred English miles, and in Ternate on the east, at a distance of more than eight hundred miles — that is, over a range of more than nineteen hundred miles, a distance equal to nearly a quarter of the earth's diameter. Of twelve thousand persons in the province of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, only twenty-six survived. The progress of the earthquake was accompanied by violent atmospheric disturbances, whirlwinds of tremendous force tearing the largest trees up by the roots, and carrying into the air, men, horses, cattle, and whatever else was encountered in their course. Houses at Bima, forty miles east of the centre of disturbance, were rendered uninhabitable by heavy falls of ashes. On the west, the ashes from the volcano were carried still farther — viz., fully three hundred miles — in sufficient quantities to darken the air! In Celebes, two hundred and seventeen miles from Sumbawa, a similar phenomenon was observed. It is said that in Java the darkness caused by the ashes was deeper than that of the darkest night. Mr. Crawford states that some of the finer particles of the volcanic dust ejected from Sumbawa were carried as far as Amboyna and Banda, the latter island being about eight hundred miles east of the volcano. As the south-east monsoon was at its height, and would have carried

the dust in the opposite direction, the volcanic dust must have been projected into those upper regions of the air where the counter current prevailed. The dust formed a fine, almost impalpable powder, yet when compressed it was found to have considerable weight, a pint weighing twelve ounces and three-quarters. As in the recent earthquake, and in the great earthquakes of Peru, the sea played an important part in the earthquake of Sumbawa. The town of Tomboro was overflowed, the sea remaining eighteen feet deep where before there had been land. But far beyond the limits of Sumbawa, a wave, varying in height from two to twelve feet, rolled upon the shores. At Bima every proa and boat was forced from its anchorage and flung on the coast.

The oscillations of the earth, with subterranean rumblings, bellowings, and so forth, were noticed over an area about one thousand miles in diameter around Sumbawa as a centre. This would correspond to an area of about eight hundred thousand square miles. It included the Moluccas, Java, and a large portion of Celebes, Sumatra.

Sir Charles Lyell calls attention to the fact that but for the accidental presence of Sir Stamford Raffles in Java (as governor), we should scarcely have heard in Europe of this tremendous disturbance of the earth's crust. He was told that similar effects, though in less degree, had accompanied an eruption of Carang Assam, in Bali, west of the Straits of Lombok, seven years before; but of that disturbance no records have reached us.

The earthquake of January 5, 1699, in Java, was remarkable chiefly for the great number of shocks which were noticed during its progress, no less than two hundred and eight having been recorded. The centre of disturbance seems to have been Mount Salek, a volcano six days' journey from Batavia; yet in this city many houses were overthrown. The Batavian River, which rises in Mount Salek, became very muddy and rose high above its banks. It bore down bushes and trees, partly burned. The water overflowed the gardens round the town, so that dead fishes were found strewn over them when the waters retreated. Drowned buffaloes, tigers, rhinoceroses, deer, apes, and other wild beasts, were carried down by the current. Crocodiles were killed, though the river was their home. Nay, all the fish in the river were killed, except only the carp. The accounts of the earthquake state that seven hills on the



river banks sank down, and filled the channel of the river, and the waters having to find their way under the mass of earth thus thrown across the river from either side, flowed out thick and muddy beyond these obstructions. The Tangaran River was similarly dammed up by no less than nine landslips; for doubtless Sir Charles Lyell is right in considering that, when the accounts speak of the fall of hills into the river, great landslips only were meant.

It is singular that in a later earthquake in Java — namely, the earthquake at Batur in 1786 — a river was forced by the changes which took place in the banks to pursue a subterranean course. The river Dotog began, after the earthquake, to pour into one of several newly formed rents, and it has ever since continued to flow along the new course which it formed for itself underground.

It appears from all the records of Javan earthquakes and volcanic disturbances, that the feature noticed at the outset is really characteristic of subterranean disturbances in Java. As De Buch has said, it would seem that the effect of volcanic action in Java is to develop enormous quantities of sulphurous and aqueous vapors, which attacking the rocks forming the interior of the mountain, decompose them into the consistence of paste, and at length, when the solid mass is destroyed so as no longer to be able to oppose an effective resistance, the vapors force their way out, and the fluid mass escapes through the crevices, not like a current of viscous lava, but as torrents of water, leaping through every tiny opening they can find. M. Payen, painter and naturalist, who endeavored to approach Galunggung after the eruption of 1822, was prevented by masses of clay and numerous crevasses. This destructive clay was examined later by M. Blume, the botanist. He describes it as of a yellowish brown color, earthy and friable, exhaling a sulphurous odor, and burning readily. No doubt a large portion of its substance was sulphur. This substance, called *bua* by the Malays, is analogous to the Moya of the Andes, of Quito, which (Humboldt tells us) destroyed thirty or forty thousand lives in the great eruption of 1798.

The emission of enormous quantities of sulphurous vapors would account for the existence of the so-called poison valleys of Java. The famous Guevo Upas was one of these. An extinct crater near Batur, forming a small valley about half

a mile in circumference, was thus called, on account of its deadly character, the words meaning Valley of Poison. It was, and probably still is, a region of terror to the inhabitants of the surrounding region. Sir Charles Lyell says that every living being that penetrates into the valley falls down dead, and that the soil is covered with the carcasses of tigers, deer, birds, and even the bones of men. Tala-ga Bodas is another crater described by Reinwardt as a poison valley. Pakamaran, a small depression in a gorge of the Dieuge Mountains, has a similar reputation; but when visited by Dr. Otto Kuntze recently, it was found to be perfectly free from the lethal qualities attributed to it by the inhabitants of the neighborhood. It is approached by two footpaths, winding downwards from the hills around the valley. Disregarding the entreaties of his servants, Dr. Kuntze entered the valley of death by one of these paths, and having traversed the valley in several directions, left it by the other path. "The natives assured him," he tells us, "that he would find the valley choked up by skeletons, as even the swiftest birds flying above it would drop down stone-dead, slain by its poisonous exhalations." But he failed to find even a single bone, nor was there the least unpleasant odor. He therefore pronounced Pakamaran "to be an imposture, the offspring of ignorance and superstition." Yet it is not clear that the tradition respecting the death-dealing qualities of this valley is a mere superstition. Quite possibly the valley was as poisonous at some former time as it is commonly reputed in the neighborhood to be now; a similar tradition prevailed respecting Avernus, no doubt long after it had assumed its present innocuous condition. The name *Avernus* is, indeed, derived from the Greek *aornos*, birdless, from the belief, once doubtless true, but now no longer so, that no bird could cross, even on swiftest wing, this fatal valley, without being destroyed by its poisonous exhalations.

A comparison of what has been said above respecting the principal volcanic eruptions and earthquakes in Java, with the records, so far as they have yet reached us, of the recent tremendous disturbance at the western extremity of the island — shows that the last Javan earthquake has surpassed all previous ones of which any records have reached us, in destruction of life and property, and probably also in the amount of material change which it has wrought. The fact that the Straits of

Sunda have been so changed, that the passage is no longer safe for those using the old charts, speaks clearly enough on the last point. It shows that the subterranean forces at work in this part of the earth's surface are as energetic as those whose effects have been observed anywhere in either hemisphere.

With regard to the great sea-wave which followed the recent earthquake, spreading at least as far as San Francisco, there are no sufficient reports at the moment when these lines are written. We hear that on the day following the earthquake a series of waves flowed in at San Francisco, the water rising one foot at intervals of about an hour, and several hours passed before the abnormal undulation of the water ceased. This wave, by the way, was absurdly described in several newspapers as a tidal wave — a term which is, to say the least, misleading. If the word tidal wave be understood, as it usually is, to refer to waves raised by the action of the moon and sun, then the expression as applied to the wave raised by an earthquake is altogether incorrect.

Now, in the case of the great earthquake of Peru, on August 13, 1868, a much greater sea-wave was generated, so far at least as the recorded disturbance at San Francisco enables us to judge; for at Yokohama — which is considerably farther from Peru than San Francisco is from the Sunda Straits — an enormous wave flowed in on August 14, 1868. At less, but still vast distances the effects of the great sea-wave were still more remarkable. Thus some of the isles of the Tuomotu group were completely submerged. In the lonely Oparu Isle, the coaling station of the Panama and New Zealand steamships was visited by a billow which swept away a portion of the coal depôt. Great waves continued to roll in here at intervals of about twenty minutes, and several days passed before the sea resumed its ordinary ebb and flow. The effects observed on the shores of New Zealand were still more remarkable. The water was observed to retreat at Port Littleton, until the port was left entirely dry, and it so remained for about twenty minutes. Then the water was seen returning, like a wall of from ten or twelve feet in height, which rushed with a tremendous noise upon the port and town. Towards five, the water again retired, very slowly as before, not reaching its lowest ebb till six. An hour later, another enormous wave rushed into the port. Four times, we are told, the sea

retired and returned with great power at intervals of about two hours. Afterwards the waters began to be less disturbed; but it was not until the 18th, or four days after the disturbance began, that the regular ebb and flow of the tide was resumed.

It is probable that before these lines appear, news will have come in from several seaports and islands where sea disturbances caused by the recent earthquake have been observed. But already it is tolerably clear that the oceanic disturbances at equal distances were not to be compared with those which followed the great Peruvian earthquake of 1868 (a complete record of these remarkable phenomena is given in an essay entitled, "The Greatest Sea-Wave ever Known," in the first series of my "Light Science for Leisure Hours"). I am inclined, indeed, noticing the relatively small oceanic oscillation observed at San Francisco, to regard with some doubt a few of the more stupendous phenomena which have been described in some papers, and especially in one New York paper, in connection with the recent earthquake.

And now it remains that a few remarks should be made on the evidence which such disturbances as those in Ischia and Java afford of terrestrial vitality. The material life of a planet is beginning to be recognized as being no less real than the life of a plant or of an animal. It is a different kind of life; there is neither consciousness such as we see in one of those forms of life, nor such systematic progress as we recognize in plant life. But it is life, all the same. It has had a beginning, like all things which exist; and like them all, it must have an end.

The lifetime of a world like our earth may be truly said to be a lifetime of cooling. Beginning in the glowing, vaporous condition which we see in the sun and stars, an orb in space passes gradually to the condition of a cool, non-luminous mass, and thence, with progress depending chiefly on its size (slower for the large masses and quicker for the small ones), it passes steadily onwards towards inertness and death. Regarding the state in which we find the earth to be as the stage of a planet's mid-life — viz., that in which the conditions are such that multitudinous forms of life can exist upon its surface, we may call that stage death in which these conditions have entirely disappeared. Now, among the conditions necessary for the support of life in general are some which are unfavorable to individual life. Among these may be specially noted

the action of those subterranean forces by which the earth's surface is continually modelled and remodelled. It has been remarked with great justice, by Sir John Herschel, that since the continents of the earth were formed, forces have been at work which would long since have sufficed to have destroyed every trace of land, and to have left the surface of our globe one vast, limitless ocean. But against these forces counteracting forces have been at work, constantly disturbing the earth's crust, and, by keeping it irregular, leaving room for ocean in the depressions, and leaving the higher parts as continents and islands above the ocean's surface. If these disturbing forces ceased to work, the work of disintegrating, wearing away, and washing off the land would go on unresisted. In periods of time such as to us seem long, no very great effect would be produced; but such periods as belong to the past of our earth, even to that comparatively short part of the past during which she has been the abode of life, would suffice to produce effects utterly inconsistent with the existence of life on land. Only by the action of her vulcanian energies can the earth maintain her position as an abode of life. She is, then, manifesting her fitness to support life in those very throes by which, too often, many lives are lost. The upheavals and downsinkings, the rushing of ocean in great waves over islands and seaports, by which tens of thousands of human beings, and still greater numbers of animals, lose their lives, are part of the evidence which the earth gives that within her frame there still remains enough of vitality for the support of life during hundreds of thousands of years yet to come.

This vitality is not due, as seems commonly imagined, to the earth's internal heat. Rather the earth's internal heat is due to the vitality with which her frame is instinct. The earth's vitality is in reality due to the power of attraction which resides in every particle of her mass — that wonderful force of gravitation, omnipresent, infinite in extent, the property whose range throughout all space should have taught long since what science is teaching now (and has been foolishly blamed for teaching), the equally infinite range of God's laws in time also. By virtue of the force of gravity pervading her whole frame, the crust of the earth is continually undergoing changes, as the loss of heat and consequent contraction, or chemical changes beneath the surface, leave room for the movement inwards of

the rock-substances of the crust, with crushing, grinding action, and the generation of intense heat. If the earth's energy of gravity were lost, the internal fires would die out — not, indeed, quickly, but in a period of time very short compared with that during which, maintained as they constantly are by the effects of internal movements, they will doubtless continue. They are, in a sense, the cause of earthquakes, volcanoes, and so forth, because they prepare the earth's interior for the action of her energies of attraction. But it is to these energies and the material which as yet they have on which to work, that the earth's vitality is due. She will not, indeed, retain her vitality as long as she retains her gravitating power. That power must have something to work on. When the whole frame of the earth has been compressed to a condition of the greatest density which her attractive energies can produce, then terrestrial gravity will have nothing left to work on within the earth, and the earth's globe will be to all intents and purposes dead. She will continue to exercise her attractive force on bodies outside of her. She will rotate on her axis, revolve around the sun, and reflect his rays of light and heat. But she will have no more life of her own than has the moon, which still discharges all these planetary functions, yet has a surface arid and airless, dreary, desolate, and dead.

But such disturbances as the recent earthquakes, while disastrous in their effects to those living near the shaken regions, assure us that as yet the earth is not near death. She is still full of vitality. Thousands — nay, tens, hundreds of thousands — of years will still pass before even the beginning of the end is seen, in the steady disintegration and removal of the land without renovation or renewal by the action of subterranean forces.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

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From Temple Bar.  
SOME REMINISCENCES OF JANE WELSH  
CARLYLE.

"Speak of me as I am;  
Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice."

ALTHOUGH the "Memorials" of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle have been unusually minute and exhaustive, they have called forth so much interesting discussion, whether favorable or otherwise, that a few additional recollections of this gifted couple

may not be unwelcome from one who lived much in their society during fifteen or sixteen years of their lives. It was at the Grange, during the lifetime of the first Lady Ashburton, that we first spent some weeks under the same roof with them.

Much commiseration has been expressed for Mrs. Carlyle, and she certainly suffered greatly from various ailments, but her life had its bright side also. She remained a good deal in her own room at the Grange during the early part of the day, whilst her husband took long walks, eagerly accompanied by some of his many admirers. But when Mrs. Carlyle did appear, it was by no means as an insignificant or neglected personage. She was always especially taken care of by Lady Ashburton, and she expected, and was conceded, a certain prominence amongst the many other visitors of more or less distinction in that delightful and most hospitable house.

Mrs. Carlyle at that time was slight, neat, and erect in figure, animated in expression, with very good eyes and teeth, but with no pretension to beauty.

She was remarkably practical in all the details of daily life, yet with an inconsistent impulsiveness and vehemence of character which made it impossible to predict beforehand how she would act on any given occasion—except where Carlyle was concerned. Towards him she was unwearied in consistent self-sacrifice, and this being the fixed rule of her life, she gave herself the freedom, and enjoyed showing up his peculiarities to her friends, as mere motes in the sunbeam, from her own point of view,—such as his reticence of praise, and his exacting habits about domestic arrangements. These she recounted with a lively zest, which was particularly amusing, since there was no malice in it. She placed him on a pedestal, once for all, and herself at his feet, working for him in all ways. "If he would only say he is satisfied," she sometimes complained,— "but I have had to learn that when he does not find fault he is pleased; and that has to content me."

"The very least attention from Carlyle just glorifies me," she said one day. "When I have one of my headaches, and the sensation of red-hot knitting-needles darting into my brain, Carlyle's way of expressing sympathy is to rest a heavy hand on the top of my head, and keep it there in perfect silence for several seconds, so that although I could scream

with nervous agony, I sit like a martyr, smiling with joy at such a proof of profound pity from him."

Mrs. Carlyle's instinct certainly was to take the lead. At the Grange this was not easy, for the grandeur and brilliancy of our hostess could not fail to be the first attraction and interest to all around her. The late Mrs. Twistleton wrote in those days, that Lady Ashburton possessed "the fairy gift of scattering pearls and diamonds whenever she spoke." To those who knew her more intimately, the wise counsels, the tender consideration, and the protection of her faithful friendship, were beyond all superficial comparison to "pearls and diamonds," and can never be forgotten.

Mrs. Carlyle possessed social courage to a remarkable degree. On one occasion, whilst at the Grange, she suggested an experiment, which she said never failed to amuse. The visitors were called together, statesmen, fastidious ladies, men of letters, twenty or thirty in number, to stand in front of the house, whilst Mrs. Carlyle, blindfolded, promised conscientiously to walk in as straight a line as she possibly could, to a fixed point about a hundred yards down the avenue. Nothing seemed easier at first, but very soon divergences began, until it was very absurd to see Mrs. Carlyle, still blindfolded, groping about under the trees, quite out of the line intended. Another day, the same roll-call was again made, and everybody was assembled to witness another experiment, organized also by the ever energetic Mrs. Carlyle, who induced our ever courteous host to fire, at an ordinary board, set up as a target—the gun loaded with a common dip tallow candle, and boring just as clean a hole through the wood as a bullet would have done. This went off very successfully.

On New Year's Day several ladies of the party received little colored ribbon rosettes, to be pinned on to their dress, in token of good-will and kindness, from Mrs. Carlyle, and made by herself.

Everybody was interested in her, but she was generally characterized as "*very peculiar*," partly, perhaps, from the many unusual kindly devices for amusing others, which she took the trouble to inaugurate, and partly because she seemed at the same time to maintain a certain attitude of proud defiance towards those very few sceptics who did not appear to understand or recognize her remarkable ability.

To those in high social position she

testified a rather exaggerated deference, and took especial pleasure in winning their regard. But amongst her more habitual associates she required homage, rather than equal terms. She did not pass over or neglect those whose worldly surroundings were insignificant; quite the reverse; but, where it was possible, she preferred, like everybody else, to associate with those who were "on the heights."

In conversation, clever and amusing as she often was, she had the fatal propensity of telling her good stories at extraordinary length. With her Scotch accent, and her perseverance in finishing off every detail, those who were merely friendly acquaintances, and not positive devotees, longed for an abridgement — perhaps also to have their own turn in the conversation. But there were certainly enthusiasts for Mrs. Carlyle, who could listen with delight to her longest narrations, chapter after chapter, without flinching.

To the diffident and the young she was certainly alarming, as most complicated natures cannot fail to be. She was fond of analyzing characters, and observant of small peculiarities, to which she attached undue importance. You felt you were weighed in the balance by a keenly acute mind, which was liable to be swayed by impulse — either to a generous extreme of confidence and affection, or to a cold and guarded suspiciousness — and "all or nothing" appeared to be her rule if her acquaintance was to expand into friendship.

When the question arose of buying up and silencing the noise of the cocks and hens which disturbed Carlyle's rest at night, his wife left the Grange, as he has described in his "Reminiscences," to get this matter settled for him. She had to start very early. We joined her at breakfast; but she was ill with headache, and could not eat. At the carriage door, early as it was, Carlyle appeared, just in time to say good-bye. He asked with evident concern after her headache, and whether she had eaten any breakfast. "No, quite impossible; but by-and-by she might have eaten a bit of toast if she had thought of taking it — too late now."

Instantly Carlyle had darted into the house, and hurried back, just able to throw the bit of toast into the carriage window. She smiled pleasantly at him as she drove away — toast in hand. Afterwards, on our return to London, she described her charwoman sort of work to get all in perfect order for her husband's

arrival; and when all was complete — his dinner ready, his armchair in its usual attitude, his pipe and tobacco prepared; all looking as comfortable as possible — Mrs. Carlyle sat down at last to rest, and to expect him, with a quiet mind. He arrived; and, "after he had just greeted me, what do you think he did? He walked to the window, and shook it, and asked, 'Where's the wedge of the window?' and until we had found that blessed wedge, nothing would content him. He said the window would rattle and spoil all. That's just Carlyle." This was said with the most comic liveliness and not as a grievance.

The practical power of utilizing others, so as to avoid waste of time or labor, was very remarkable. The poor head so often suffering, was the cause of Mrs. Carlyle's failing to keep an engagement to dine with us one day. There was a knock at the door, and we were told the postman wished to speak to us. The man said, as he went his rounds, the lady at 5 Cheyne Row, who was wrapped in a blanket on the rug by the dining-room fire, had sent for him to come in as he passed her door, and had asked him to tell us that she was too ill to write, and was very sorry she could not dine with us. A friend gave her the little curly dog to which, so often, reference is made in her letters, and it was a question how to give it exercise enough. This same postman was applied to, and agreed to let the dog run by his side as he delivered his letters. The dog required to be washed once a week, and the one valuable maid obviously not having time to wash the curly-haired dog, the washerwoman was asked if she could not fetch it away with the clothes for the wash, and bring it back the same day clean and neat. This was arranged for sixpence a week, and only once failed to be successful; when the laundress, either in carelessness or in over-zeal to produce a good effect, washed the poor little dog in water with so much starch in it that it produced an irritation of the skin.

These little stories of every-day life were quite short, and used to be told with an enjoyment of tone which cannot be reproduced. To make others of use, came naturally to one who worked with such good-will to help all who needed it; beginning with Carlyle she did not stop there, but was full of helpfulness to others in every degree. And in spite of ill-health, and of many vexations, these few pages may bear witness that there was much to light up and to sustain her, from



many sources of interest outside her own home, as well as within it.

The two following letters may be read with interest, and will represent her more playful moods:—

MY DEAR —,

I stand amazed before you as in the presence of the Infinite! How you can "*make wits*" in this weather! How you can so much as try it!

Oh, permit *me*, at least, to be *stupid*. All I desire of gods or men, for the moment, is just leave to be as stupid as I please. In plain prose then, we will be at the station at one o'clock on Monday, "if all go well," as Mr. C.'s phrase is, which means intrinsically, if Mr. C. do not contrive to be *too late*. Hoping that there may be no quarrelling or breaking of heads among us, before we get back,

Yours faithfully,

JANE CARLYLE.

5 Cheyne Row, Saturday, February 25, 1865.

MY DEAR —,

You are very absurd!—a great merit, let me tell you, in these sensible times! But you must not come *to-night*; you must come to-morrow night, or Monday night. Because, you see, there are two "terrible blockheads" coming to-night, by their own appointment, and Mr. C. says he "wouldn't for any consideration have you there along with such a pair of jackasses"! I suggested that the very jackassness of the people might amuse you; but he declared, "No, no! such a combination is not to be thought of!"

You *will* come to-morrow evening, or Monday? We shall be going away presently to Seaton, now the weather is auspicious. But Lady Ashburton was to fix the day.

Truly yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Does this vituperative phraseology give the impression of an unkindly man? It did not strike us as malignant or venomous when we read it in those days. We only found it very amusing. Carlyle was privileged in his intolerance, and from the expressive epithets quoted by his wife, we merely gathered that some rather dull people would be at his house. Could it have been on this occasion that Mrs. Carlyle described herself as having become so much irritated by the stupidity of a conventional set of visitors who sat round the fire, talking the "stupidest commonplace," that at last in desperation, she felt that she must create a diversion of some kind, and suddenly threw her cup of tea into the fireplace? Such a clatter of condolence and surprise then arose, and so much congratulation, because, if the cup was broken, the saucer was saved; such a little "storm in a teacup," in short, was raised by this reckless action, that the ice

of reserve was broken at all events, and the conversation thawed and became more genial. She seemed quite pleased with her feat.

With one more characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Carlyle, these few recollections shall conclude.

Some reference is made in the "*Memorials*" to a misunderstanding with Colonel Sterling. There is, therefore, no impropriety in referring to it here. He was a very old and devoted friend of Mrs. Carlyle's, and he was much pained, when ordered off to India, that he was unable to take leave of her. She had refused to see him. It seemed as if some friendly mediator might procure a reconciliation. Each thought the other to blame, and yet it was obvious the sincere regard of so many years could not be quite extinct.

Mrs. Carlyle did not refuse to hear us on his behalf, and every argument was used to induce her to relent, and to shake hands with her old friend before he left England. She listened quietly to all that was urged upon her, and at length, when a pause came, she said she had made a curious discovery. She had long known that she was herself, "by the natural fitness of things," intended for a detective policeman; the career for which we had been destined was that of a special pleader. Every argument had been exhausted against her own view that it was better not to meet Colonel Sterling again—that she had no answer to make that she was conquered. "You may tell him to call, but it will do no good."

Of course he did call, and we were sanguine as to the result. But Mrs. Carlyle soon after appeared at our house, and the expression of her countenance was ominous as she entered the room.

"I have come to thank you," she said, in an ironical tone, "not, as you may expect, for having induced me to change my purpose, but I thank you for having taught me a lesson—never to try to make peace between those who have resolved to quarrel." She then explained, with much agitation and vehemence, that she had been prepared to meet her old friend in a kindly spirit, but he had made all reconciliation impossible. "What do you think he brought as a farewell offering to *me*, the most sensitive and superstitious of women, as he well knows? He brought me the headgear that he had taken from the body of a dead Highlander in the Crimean War, and asked me to take care of it for him. Can you imagine anything which would better prove how little he

understands me? All is over between us. It is worse than it was before."

Still it seemed to us that all regard could not be blotted out, or she would not have been so much hurt; and the much-enduring Colonel Sterling was told, privately, that he had better try once more to obtain a friendly farewell, but he must take no more warlike trophies with him.

After he had started for India, Mrs. Carlyle called again, and in a softened mood. She said her old friend had made amends for his first ill-judged choice of a remembrance.

"He came once more," she said; "this last time, with a little shabby old wooden tea-caddy under his arm, out of which I remembered to have seen his dear mother make tea, ever so many times, in old days, and he said he believed I was the only human being now living who would value it, *for his mother's sake*, as he had done—and so he would like me to have it." And as she spoke she burst into tears.

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From The Month.

#### A CHINESE MARTYR OF OUR OWN TIMES.

THERE are many persons who think that Christian martyrdom no longer exists on the face of the earth, that the world has really become more tolerant, that the days of the Roman emperors can never be renewed, nor Christians be called upon to seal their faith with their blood. But those who have travelled in the remoter parts of China, Tonquin, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula, know that ever and anon the persecuting spirit of heathenism breaks out afresh, and a massacre of the "Christian dogs" and "foreign devils" is resolved on and suddenly carried into effect. Little time is left for deliberation: the choice has to be made all at once; the mind, it may be of some very young persons, on whom life in all its brightest colors was bursting, is awakened in one hour to the astounding fact that the cross must literally be taken up or Christ be denied and lost forever. There can be no compromise. Yet who is sufficient for such a terrific combat? Who can endure the torture and the nails, the flames, the agony, and the shame? In the strength of weak human nature they cannot be endured; and if he were not faithful who hath promised, and if his grace were not supplied abundantly in the hour of need, terror and the sharp sense of intolerable

pain would make an apostate of one whom God intends to be a martyr.

'Tis long since arid earth has been  
Steeped grandly in the crimson flood  
That nurtures blades of brighter green  
And redder roses born of blood  
Than in her summers lately seen;  
But she shall soon be richer clay.  
Oh joy! the knives are quivering keen,  
Prepare for martyrdom to-day.\*

A few, very few years ago, a martyr's tragedy was enacted at Talee, a small town about a hundred miles distant from Canton. Circumstances, over which they had no control, had drawn three Catholic missionaries together, and they had established themselves in a mission-house in a kind of community. One of these was an Italian named Buglio, a second Father Gneist from Germany, and the third the Abbé Lefevre. In character they differed considerably, the eldest being naturally cheerful and joyous to the extent of sometimes passing the bounds of discretion, while his juniors, the German and the French fathers, were, the former habitually serious almost to sadness, and the Frenchman, unlike most of his race, taking all changes and chances apparently unmoved, without any outward expression either of gladness or complaint. A number of native converts had settled near them, and they all dressed and lived as Chinamen. It was important not to provoke hostility by any needless difference of costume, and therefore in all non-essential matters the native and foreign Christians did and fared alike. Though the fathers of the mission did not belong to an order, they had special devotions of their own. Many of the enemies of Catholicism are taught to believe that Catholic missionaries make converts by condescension to paganism and by adopting heathen rites and symbols. If they had visited the mission-house at Talee, they would have learned how the fathers there commence every day with the worship of God the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost—one God; after which they endeavor to realize to their faith the house of Nazareth with the Holy Child Jesus, the Blessed Virgin Mother, and St. Joseph, as they are at present in their actual, developed, glorious condition. Starting from such foundation, there was little chance of any of the Talee converts condescending to any of the forms or to the spirit of paganism. The more they learned

\* The Angel of Love and other Poems. By R. Y. Sturges.

of their religion, the more they felt lifted out of the natural into the spiritual order. The parts of their system which appear to the gaze of outsiders most superstitious were exactly those which, to their apprehension, were most sacred and sublime, being concerned with the communion of saints and inseparably linked with the divine nature of Christ, the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, the beginning and the end of their faith. The missionaries used to speak to them of it familiarly as the doctrine of Christ, and continually insisted on Christ being all in all. Thus they were doubly prepared to withstand the attacks of heathen on the one hand and sectarian Christians on the other.

As a long period had elapsed since the last outbreak of persecution, many of the converts supposed that it was passed by forever, that the disposition of the Chinese Buddhists was materially altered, and that, liable as they are to sudden bursts of uncontrollable temper, there was not the slightest chance of their again staining their hands with the blood of martyrs. The fathers, however, were too well read in the history of their Chinese missions, and of the people in adjoining countries also, to flatter themselves with any such prospect of perpetual security. Everything contributed to make them take a more serious view of their position than their flock did. They had cut the bridge behind them and could never return. Never would they see again the shores of France, so dear to Frenchmen, of Germany, with all its great intellectual advance, or of Italy, the garden of Europe, and the home of one greater than the Cæsars, or any mere earthly king. They had landed in China as young and newly ordained priests, provided by the care of the Société des Missions Étrangères from its headquarters in Paris. They had vowed to dedicate the rest of their life to the mission which they had undertaken. Having put their hand to the plough, they dared not think of turning back. Nay, if it were possible for any recreant priest to seek the violation of his agreement and to quit the country, the mandarins themselves would be sure to seize him and send him back to the jurisdiction of the mission. Toleration had been accorded by an imperial edict to those missionaries only who would swear never to return to Europe. They had stripped themselves of their nationality; their heads were shaven, and in all respects they conformed to the Chinese mode of life. But they knew how fickle

was the heathen mind. A sudden panic or excitement might undo the labor of years, and bring down upon the converts violence and outrage equally sudden and unreasonable. Father Buglio, with his cheerful disposition, was always inclined to look to the bright side of things. He looked confidently for the continuance of the Church's prosperity in China, because he remembered, and often reminded his flock, how the Christians had survived the persecutions of the last century, and now, after only one hundred years, number their hundreds of thousands, and are found in all the provinces of the empire.

"Let us be of good cheer, dear brethren," he would say, "remembering what astonishing and rapid successes it pleased God to give in former years to the brave followers of Xavier, Fathers Ricci and Ruggieri. Had we not hopes at one time of the emperor and all the grandees of the empire embracing the faith of Christ, when a magnificent church rose in Peking, and the holy sacrifice was offered there with transports of hope? These hopes, indeed, were overthrown for a time, but they have revived, blessed be God. It is not now the poor and needy only who kneel at our altars, the well-to-do and the wealthy are found side by side with laborers and peasants, and times of refreshing are at hand." Father Gneist was naturally prone to gloomy reflections. The acts of the martyrs had a singular fascination for him, and he was well read in the Roman martyrology, the different kinds of torture, and the persecution under the emperors from Nero to Diocletian. "It would be well," he would say, "for every Christian at times to put before him the possibility of his being called to suffer for his faith, and lay down his life rather than deny his Lord." It happened that Father Lefevre had formed a close friendship with a wealthy merchant and convert of Talee, named Tien. He was the main support of the mission, both by his wealth and his prudence. The house which he occupied had been purchased of a mandarin, and contained every facility for the entertainment of his friends. The entrance hall was adorned with large pictures of Chinese princes, but on each side of these, the small gilt josses or household gods, with lamps burning in front of them, were removed from the niches in the wall. Every vestige of idolatrous worship had disappeared, and often would Father Lefevre resort in the cool of the evening to an elegant little room next the counting-

house, where he would probably meet several Christian merchants, smoking their pipes, each with his cup of tea on a small table before him. Quickly and with quiet politeness a little boy would place a fresh teacup before the new comer, throw in a pinch of fragrant tea, and pour in boiling water from a kettle, taken from a stand over a charcoal fire burning in an iron brasier in the centre of the room. Then the boy would take a long Chinese pipe, fill it with tobacco, hand it to the reverend father with a light, and take his place behind his chair. The conversation seldom flagged, for besides commercial interests, the Christians, who were generally in the ascendant, gladly learned and communicated all they could that was new in reference to their faith. The excitement of political party was altogether wanting to stir the stagnant waters of Chinese society. The converts who happened to be present on such occasions as are here referred to, were in the habit of bending the knee to Father Lefevre and other missionaries. In expecting this homage, which was willingly granted, the fathers imitated the native magistrates; but the act was sometimes regarded with jealousy of the sacerdotal influence by some of the Chinese. As these, however, know no medium between servile submission and insolent independence, persons who are well acquainted with the country believe that the clergy are quite right in maintaining their religious authority, and even the outward show of it. And here I may observe that whenever Christianity is on the advance, a corresponding improvement is sure to show itself in the manners of the people and the aspect of the place. The towns become more cleanly; the villages with their little white houses look very neat and nice, even the temples are gaily decorated with carved work, and resplendent with gilding and color, while many detached buildings are embosomed in gardens and orchards of orange-trees. A measure of advance, too, is made in literature. Certain provinces produce paper and wooden type cheaper than others. Booksellers travel about selling their dictionaries and books of legends, bringing home in return novels and histories. Colleges and literary graduates are not unknown in some parts of the country.

It was of great importance to the welfare of the mission at Talee, that the chief convert resident in the place was munificent in his habits and unhampered in his means. The pay of the mission-

aries in the neighborhood was small, and in consequence of their frugal expenditure there were all the more to profit by the liberal supplies of the merchant Tien. A noble career was open before him by the impetus he was able to give to education. At Talee and all the principal mission stations, there were separate schools for boys and girls. The boys had the double advantage of learning Chinese and Latin, besides geography and other practical matters tending to disperse native prejudices. Promising candidates from among them who aspired to the priesthood were sometimes sent to receive instruction at Hong Kong or Macao, and girls were taught in school to read and write, as well as to sew and learn useful domestic arts. And Tien was sensible of the true dignity of his station as a fosterer of Christianity and a promoter of civilization. This was more honorable in his eyes than the attainment of wealth or anything which wealth could purchase. Did not the Christian boarding-schools produce the most excellent wives, and were not the houses of these distinguished by superior cleanliness and order? Is not opium-smoking banished from their households as the most insidious and deadly practice?

The marriage between Tien and his wife had not been effected in the usual way, which produces so much mischief and entails so large an amount of unhappiness. It is, in general, all arranged by the go-between. The bride and bridegroom never see each other, except among the laborers, until the day of marriage. The go between plans everything, reports everything, and gets sumptuously entertained on both sides till the negotiations are complete. To the last hour the bride is veiled closely with a red silk kerchief, and even if she proves to be deformed, the suitor cannot withdraw from the contract when once she has unveiled her face. But among Christians, things are better managed. Sometimes one of the missionary fathers concerns himself in the matter with great effect and happy results; and this had been the case when Tien became acquainted with his bride before marriage, and the alliance was formed with full consent and mutual attachment on both sides. Their wedded life had brought them much happiness, for though they had trials, they were supported by principle and a strong sense of duty. The Christian religion, indeed, was to their minds so glorious and wonderful that they feared lest, through its very brightness

and beauty and dazzling splendor, they should lose sight of its simple duties and humbler truths. They had a daughter themselves, who, though very young, was now of a marriageable age. There was a wealthy mandarin in Talee who had lately set his eyes upon her, and the parents were filled with fear lest he should take any step whatever towards prosecuting a suit. The very thought of such an alliance was enough to plunge the whole family in grief, if not terror, for to refuse such an offer would be sure to draw upon them vindictive measures, and to accept it would be perilous to the faith and the liberty of the child. She had been most carefully educated as a Christian, and the thought dearest to her was that of serving and loving God and following the footsteps of his dear son, her Saviour and Lord. How would she fare in a country where wives are little better than slaves? How could she practise her religion freely under a heathen lord? How could it be possible to bring up her children duly in the fear of God?

The dreaded moment at length arrived. A nephew of the Chinese mandarin, who had for some time been a Christian catechumen, and had then deserted and ceased to attend the services which took place in the Christian mission-house, called one day on Tien and intimated the wishes of his uncle with regard to his daughter. He laid before him the magnificent prospect a mandarin so wealthy and full of literary and artistic taste was able to hold out. "His house," said the young advocate, "is overflowing with works of art, paintings, bronzes, and old porcelain. The gardens make a perfect little paradise. Orange, pear, shaddock, and lemon trees grow there luxuriously, and your daughter will sit there like a queen in the midst of the maidens of her court." And here he launched into a description of the mandarin's mansion, thinking he might thus make a favorable impression on the mind of an imaginative girl. "The pond is lovely, surrounded with rockwork: and the water glitters with gold and silver fish. The walls of the dwelling are covered with the best specimens of Chinese art. Choice tables, well disposed in spacious apartments, are laden with beautiful bronzes and china vases; and a musical stream, that has its birth among the hills, waters the flowers and plants that spring up to adorn the shady walks where the daughter of the richest Christian merchant of Talee will share in peace the health, wealth, and happiness of the rich-

est and most influential of the mandarins. It is long since there has been such an alliance in this neighborhood. May I convey to my uncle your acceptance of his proposal, and assure him that your bishop will honor the wedding with his sanction and presence? He has instructed me to give you the fullest assurance that the religion of your daughter will be respected in the event of her becoming his wife, and that her liberty, like that of the other Christians who obey the laws of the empire, will be thoroughly respected. He trusts that this assurance will satisfy you, since you may fully depend upon its being sincere."

Though the experience of Tien did not lead him to regard assurances of this kind as of much value, he was so far willing, in this case, to hope for the best, that he resolved to leave the decision of the question to the child herself. He asked only for a sufficient time for consideration, and promised in one week to give a final answer. There was no absolute necessity for rejecting the mandarin's proposals. The missionaries would possibly not have refused to celebrate the marriage, if they could have had a sufficient guarantee for the wife being the only wife and being left free to bring up her children in the Catholic faith. But this, of course, would have been only an exceptional case, and, under special conditions. The entire circumstances were made known to Lo-tzung, and she earnestly prayed that she might be directed aright. Many things in the proposal looked very tempting, especially to a childish mind, but on the other hand she knew that there was danger, and that treachery and cruelty were but too frequent among husbands of the national and Buddhist creed. Her early age and inexperience of the world inclined her to trust the promises made by the mandarin, and she did not suspect, what was the fact, that the go-between was solely anxious for his own advantage, and that he had invented all that part of the contract which referred to the liberty of the wife and mother in the possession and practice of her religion. He made no mention of this subject to his uncle, and was prepared to stipulate anything on either side which might suit best the success of the scheme which his relative and he had in view. But the course of the negotiation did not run smooth. It came to the mandarin's ears that Tien designed building a Christian church and enlarging the mission-house; that there was a secret intention of bringing up the children of the



proposed marriage as Christians; that Tien had dismissed a gardener solely because he was of the national creed; that the Christians practised magical arts and prayed to the evil one. The nephew thought he should fail as go-between, and that he had better avenge himself for having been, as he chose to think, ill-treated while a catechumen and provoked into turning his back on the Christian race. A number of vague calumnies, not always reconcilable, met, and the result was menace to the missionaries. But no outward disturbance of peace took place. The mandarin had received no direct offence, nor had his offer of marriage been directly rejected. He felt, however, that his pride was offended by the Christian girl and her relatives having even thought of requiring a protection against his religion, which *must* be more divine than hers.

In the early spring of 18—, a glorious and gorgeous morning shone upon Talee. The entire scene was flooded with splendor; the very shops looked bright and attractive; and in the cool air which preceded the burning sun of noon the Christians were making their way in boats up the river, and through patches of sugarcane and beans, interspersed with gay poppies, to the mission-house, where mass was to be celebrated by the bishop. Father Gneist was to preach the sermon, Father Buglio had gone to serve a distant station in one direction, while Father Lefevre had departed in another. Little Lo-tzung was delighted at having escaped the snares set for her, and felt sure that her father would find her a Christian husband when the proper time should arrive. Father Gneist preached in Chinese—that most difficult language, of which the largest native dictionary, that of Kangüi, contains 43,496 separate symbols. Some simple Chinese hymns also were sung during the mass. The preacher, as if by a forecast of succeeding events, spoke much of suffering, and was almost mystical in his references to the union with Christ which is wont to attend it. Throwing himself into the words of the Apostle Peter, he exclaimed, “‘Dearly beloved, think not strange the burning heat which is to try you, as if some new thing happened to you, but if you partake of the suffering of Christ, rejoice that when his glory shall be revealed you may also be glad with exceeding joy.’” Even now, after long quiet, the air may be charged with more than electric fire kindled in the depths of hell, and explosions equally fierce and sudden may take place on our

right hand and our left. We may find ourselves under circumstances of the most trying and torturing nature alone with our God, alone with that Saviour who loved his own to the end. And what is there but the presence of Christ that will support the martyr in the flame, on the cross, or in the mouth of the lions?”

Even while the father spoke these words yells and shouts were heard in the distance, and the noise rapidly increased. The Christians, as “foreign devils,” were threatened with death, and it did not appear why. A blind rage had taken possession of the multitude. Buddha had been outraged; a new and detestable religion was brought from a remote shore, and foisted by stealth and every kind of craft into the Celestial Empire. Creatures sacred to Buddha had been destroyed. Buddha must be avenged; the intolerable arrogance of the Christians must be brought low, and their best buildings and chief men alone could expiate the evil that had been done. The prosperity of Tien was a curse on the land, and the mandarin’s nephew, who had been among the Christians, knew that the abominations practised among them were enough to bring any nation to perdition. Curses on England! Curses on the missionaries! Curses on the converts!

Such were the notes borne on the air of the storm raging without. Affrighted messengers, breathless with haste, came to tell the cause of the outbreak. The mandarin was wild with rage. His plans were frustrated. It was not to be endured that the foreigners, who were only tolerated in China, should take the lead and dictate terms to them. The foremost rioters burst into the church, led by Tz Talowya, the mandarin’s nephew, and the voice of the preacher was drowned in a chorus of yells. Consternation and even terror followed. Some imperial soldiers stepped in, summoned on pretext of anticipated tumult on the part of the Christians. But their presence was evidently due to falsehood and treachery, for they were used to ensure liberty for the Chinese in their deed of darkness, and led here and there by the mandarin’s orders, while the deluded mob were made to execute his vengeance and jealousy. A murderous plan appeared to have been concerted beforehand, and while indiscriminate massacre was avoided, particular victims were marked out for destruction. Ominous arrivals took place. The bishop was bound in silence and put aside with a certain amount of respect, though

warned to be quiet under pain of instant death. He begged to be allowed to stay with his flock and share their fate, but his request was refused. Many rough carts, or tumbrels, were brought from different directions, laden with large folds of cotton wadding, jars of oil, crosses, faggots, and various instruments of torture. Tien and Lo-tzung were seized—the father indignant and dignified, the daughter trembling and clinging to her father's side. Crosses were planted in the precincts of the missionaries' home, where the garden had lately received many new additions of rare flowers and creepers. Every moment as it flew made it more plain that nothing less than the death of the victims was intended. Fathers Buglio and Lefevre were stopped on their return from the country, and warned by friendly voices not to approach their home, which was now occupied by the fiercest of foes; but they would not hear of deserting their brethren in the hour of need, and when told that they could only share their destruction, they replied, "That is all we ask. Take us to them, and we are taken to Christ." The savage treatment of the Christians which ensued was even more lawless and summary than the like would have been in the time of the Roman emperors. Tz Talowya directed all with the coolest and most unsparing cruelty. He had posted a placard far and wide on that morning, calling for a general massacre of the native Christians on the great festival which was soon to follow. It ascribed every vice to the "foreign devils," and said that, to preserve the peace and purity of Chinese society, those who have corrupted them must be cut off. One phrase of the placard was, "The wickedness of these foreign devils is so great that even pigs and dogs would refuse to eat their flesh!" The prevalence of such feelings will account in some measure for the preparations made.

Tien, the honest merchant, whose only crime was that he had raised one church and proposed building another, was brought before an image of Buddha and some objects to which the folly and superstition of paganism attached a reverence of a fanatical order. He was then required to speak certain words, and render an obeisance that is regarded as equivalent to denying Christ. This he absolutely refused to do, but abstained from any expressions of contempt or even the shadow of discourtesy. No torture could shake his constancy. Threats were of no avail. "Do your worst," he replied to

his persecutor; "I fear nothing but lest I should deny my Lord." The ruffians then wrapped him in cotton wadding, which they soaked in oil. He was bound to one of the crosses, which he embraced, and exhorted Lo-tzung not to be afraid of the agony. "This, my love," he said, "will be your bridal day. You shall be the Lamb's bride, and his strength will be made perfect in your weakness." "It is but for a moment, dear child," echoed Father Gneist; "sleep will be your refuge from torture, and out of sleep you will wake to behold Jesus Christ." Tien by this time was bound to his cross, and faggots were kindled under his body. The zeal of his tormentors shortened his sufferings. There is a point beyond which our nature cannot bear pain, and at that point he found relief. His fellow-martyrs were made to undergo a still more painful and ignominious death. Not only were they, too, to be wrapped in cotton steeped in oil and then delivered to the flames; they were reserved, and Lo-tzung the last among them, to have their arms and legs cut off, to have crosses tied to their trunks, and in that state to be burnt. Father Buglio was not even depressed by the approaching end. His buoyant and cheerful disposition surmounted every obstacle, and became possessed of a supernatural joy. The language of his inmost being was "Alleluia!" and the Son of God was walking in the midst of the fire with him and his companions. Father Gneist was saddened by the terrible realities enacted before his eyes, but that was all. He was not by nature emotional. He did not lament nor fall into any paroxysm of grief. He preserved a mournful but unruffled exterior till the sharp, murderous steel made the blood gush from the wounds of his sacred limbs. How was it possible such passions could reign in human breasts, and men become most fiendish in torturing the best, the meekest of missionaries? Father Lefevre was neither excited nor depressed. His feet rested on a rock, and his eye was fixed on the crown of justice which the righteous Judge should give him as his speedy reward.

The heathen, with some sense of decency, kept Lo-tzung to the last. But none of her kindred or acquaintance were allowed to attend her. No mother's or sister's hand might assist to robe her as a sacrifice to be offered in the name of Jesus. Hurried to and fro by brutal executioners, this fairest and sweetest of womankind, just entering on life fresh

and pure, was treated as the offscouring of all things because she dared to have a will of her own to honor Christ as Master and Lord. The death of her father, confessor, and pastors, before her eyes, endeared her religion a hundredfold to her heart, and Tz Talowya in vain offered her every earthly advantage as the price of her apostasy. There was a country house belonging to the mandarin, which Tien and his family had been permitted to occupy as their own during some delightful months in the days of their friendship. This Tz Talowya was directed by his uncle to offer Lo-tzung without any revival of the project of marriage, if she would speak but one word and make but one obeisance in honor of Buddha. "You have still," he said, "time to be wise and renounce a stupid and bad superstition. The minute care of that estate and its cultivation is by this time wonderful; the kitchen gardens are kept to perfection. The reservoirs on the hills transmit the rain-water to the terraces, which are absolutely lovely. Even the bottom of the lakes and ponds and rivulets there are cultivated, and the water-chestnut (*pitsi*) will there produce for you its most wholesome and delicate fruit. Love and plenty, flowers and music, will soon cause you to forget the past. You will make new friends and find life full of new charms. A dark superstition has tricked out for you in unreal colors the religion of Gogotha. It has hallowed the cross, the scourge, mortification, fasting, celibacy, and all that is unjoyous and unlovely. It has brought you to this. Fling it all away. Bury it with these corpses and crosses, that it rise no more. Embrace nature — she is lovely and you were made for love. Turn to Buddha. Only look towards Buddha. Say:—

I take my refuge in thy order! Om!  
The dew is on the lotus! Rise, great Sun!  
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.  
Om mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes!  
The Dewdrop slips into the shining sea!"\*

Breathless with emotion, the enthusiast stretched his hand towards her, as if in hope of some affirmative response. But Lo-tzung shrank from his touch as from that of a serpent, and answered: "Fiend! there is but one gift I can take from your hand, and that is death."

The native Christians in China will long be told of the heroic sufferings of Lo-tzung, and her name will be inscribed

in the roll of their martyrs, as were those of Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Cecilia, and Anastasia in the ancient missal of the Romans. We have a permanent treasure and fountain of blest recollection in the record of such followers of the Lamb. Protestant missionaries, we are told, joined heartily in their sympathy with the courageous Catholic merchant and his daughter, who, with the devoted fathers, had been faithful unto death, even the death of the cross. The days of Symphorosa and her seven sons were brought back in our modern time and in the midst of our boasted civilization, to remind us that persecution for Christ's sake is by no means at an end, and the reign of Antichrist has still to be accomplished. Every important particular in this narrative is supported by the testimony of a most intelligent and trustworthy traveller, whose researches in foreign countries, especially the Sandwich Islands, Japan, the Rocky Mountains, and the Golden Chersonese, are the delight of all who read them.\*

J. C. EARLE.

\* See "The Golden Chersonese," by Miss Bird (Murray, 1883), pp. 63, 64, and the "Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce," chaps. iii. and iv. (Murray, 1871). The *Tablet*, in reviewing "Across Chryse," July 7, 1883, says: "There is a plentiful opening for missionary labor in China, and Mr. Colquhoun refers to the account given by the Catholic bishop, Mgr. Fenouil, of his captivity and escape in the '*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*.' . . . Difficult as it may be for some persons to believe, the crown of ancient martyrdom may be earned at this very day in modern China in the midst of all its modest surroundings."

From Belgravia.

INEZ DE CASTRO.

THE story of Inez de Castro has long taken captive the hearts of the Portuguese, and fired their imaginations as one of the most romantic incidents in the annals of their country.

The scene of her death "done into colors" hangs on the walls alike of the nobleman's *quinta* and the humble *posada* or wayside inn, and her memory after the lapse of five centuries is still the *genius loci* in the old university town of Coimbra, the earthly setting and background, as it were, of her sequestered life and piteous death. Although the story has often been told before — by Fernao Lopes and other Portuguese chroniclers and historians, as well as by Camoens in the third "Lusiad" and Ferreira in his tragedy "Inez de Castro" — yet, as there are

\* Arnold's Light of Asia.

many to whom the ill-starred mistress of Pedro the Just of Portugal is by no means the most familiar figure in the long gallery of the favorites of kings, it may not be superfluous in the interest of these to recount its main incidents once again.

Iñez de Castro then, the daughter of Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, was born in Spanish Galicia early in the fourteenth century, the family from which she sprang being one of the most ancient and powerful in Spain, and playing no inconsiderable part in the history of the time. Her mother, Donna Alonça Soanes de Villaderes, was a Portuguese lady of noble birth.

There seems to be some dispute as to whether her parents were ever married, and it is not now likely that the point will ever be satisfactorily cleared up, for of the earlier years of her life we know nothing or next to nothing positive. We may suppose, indeed, that she was early celebrated for her beauty, of which the most striking feature—the long and graceful neck—is indicated for us by the name of "*Caillo de Garça*," or "Heron's Neck," bestowed upon her. One thing is certain, namely, that her youth was spent at the court of Juan Manuel, Duke of Peñafiel, where she was the friend and playmate of Constança, the duke's daughter and her own cousin, and we know also that when Constança left her father's court in 1341, on her espousal to Don Pedro the Portuguese infante, Iñez de Castro accompanied her to her new home as one of the ladies in her train. Coimbra was assigned to the infanta as a place of residence, and here it was that Iñez met the prince—the gallant and impetuous Pedro—with whose name her own is linked forever. To enable the reader to fully understand the events that followed, some reference seems necessary to the character of Pedro, as well as to that of his father Affonso IV., known in Portuguese history as Affonso the Proud. Pedro's disposition was a very attractive one. Gay, social, good-humored, a good scholar, no indifferent poet, skilled in music and dancing, he was generally liked, while his strong sense of justice and stern impartiality in the administration of it tempered the popularity his winning gifts inspired with a sufficiently wholesome amount of respect and fear. On the other hand it is recorded that he was of a somewhat passionate temper, and when offended implacable in his revenge. The character of the father stands out in strong contrast to that of

the son. Affonso, the fourth of his name who sat on the throne of Portugal, was undoubtedly a man of ability as well as of considerable force of character. His military reputation is attested by his successes against the Moors, and he has the reputation of having been both a strong and a just ruler. But in his domestic relations he does not appear to such advantage, for he was equally cruel and unscrupulous, and displayed an utter want of filial and fraternal affection. He is also remarkable for his fondness of intrigue; and holding, as he did, that in affairs of State the end invariably justifies the means, he was always, provided that that end was gained, perfectly indifferent as to the road by which he reached it.

Returning to Iñez, we find that the connection between her and the infante began soon after her arrival at Coimbra in 1341. In 1345 the infanta Constança died, and Pedro was thus set at liberty to legalize his union with Iñez by a public marriage. This step, however, he did not venture to take, dreading most probably the anger of his father, who would, there can be no doubt, have refused his sanction to such a *mésalliance*. There remained the alternative of a clandestine marriage, but it was not till 1354, or nine years after Constança's death, that Pedro resolved even on this. It was at Braganza in that year that the secret and hurried rites were performed which lifted Iñez de Castro from the level of a favored mistress to the proud position of infanta of Portugal. The Bishop of Guarda was the officiating prelate, and Pedro's chamberlain the only witness.

It had been necessary to secure from the pope a special dispensation for the marriage, as on one occasion Iñez had stood sponsor to a child of Pedro by the deceased infanta, and, by the old canon law, marriage between the father or mother of a child, and any one who had acted as its godmother or godfather, was forbidden. It is worth remarking that, according to the chronicler William of Malmesbury, there was a similar impediment to the marriage of our own Anglo-Saxon king, Eadgar, with Ælfthryth (Elfrida)—an obstacle which in their case also did not prove insuperable.

Secretly as the wedding ceremony was conducted, some hint or suspicion of it reached the court, and caused considerable alarm and uneasiness there; but when Pedro was questioned on the matter by his father, he distinctly denied having

contracted any marriage with Inez, and the old king was satisfied, or professed to be satisfied, with his assurances.

The marriage made no alteration in the mutual relations of Pedro and Inez, and they continued to reside, as before, at Coimbra, which was once the capital of the kingdom, and is still the site of the national university. The Mondego—the Isis of this Portuguese Oxford—rolls its waters by and below the town, of which latter Southey, writing from Portugal in 1801, gives the following description: “I never saw a city so nobly situated, a view so altogether glorious opened upon us from its near heights. The country is hilly and well-watered—olives and orange-groves everywhere, and cypresses thick as poplars about Lauda. Mountains bounded the scene: the furthest object was one snowy summit of the Estrella, glittering in the sun. . . . The city with its fine convents shone on an eminence over the Mondego now in the fulness of its waters.” (Southey’s “Letters,” i. 136–137.) The “*Fonte dos Amores*,” and “*Quinta das Lagrimas*,” scenes in the vicinity associated with the memory of Inez, are still shown to the curious stranger.

’Twas here, in this charming spot, that Inez dwelt in seclusion with her royal lover and husband, over whom her influence had in all these years, year by year, grown greater, as year by year his passion for her had increased in the depth and intensity of its ardor. This great and growing influence over the heir-apparent at length awoke, as might naturally be expected, the alarm and jealousy of the courtiers of his father, Affonso, and, their misgivings being once aroused, they did not lose much time in communicating them to the crafty and unscrupulous old king. Nor were their apprehensions of evil altogether without foundation. When that remorseless tyrant, Pedro the Cruel, seized the throne of Castile in 1341, many of the nobility, who had opposed his accession, fled for refuge into Portugal. These exiles were warmly received by Inez, who did not rest till she had also succeeded in interesting her husband, Pedro, in their favor. Such conduct was obviously calculated to excite the resentment of the Castilian Pedro, and, if persisted in, might even end in embroiling the two countries, Castile and Portugal, in war, for in those turbulent old times kings not unfrequently went to war for less.

It was felt, moreover—and this per-

haps was the chief source of uneasiness—that, if Inez lived, troubles might hereafter arise with regard to the succession to the crown, as, from Pedro’s infatuation for his Spanish mistress (for such she was still considered), his children by her would prove rivals—and formidable ones—to his lawful issue by the deceased infanta Constança.

These reasons made it desirable, in the interests of the State, that Inez should be removed, and the old king Affonso (who, as we have already hinted, was sufficiently unscrupulous) did not long hesitate as to what line of action to adopt. For the act he meditated, he found instruments ready to hand in three gentlemen—Alvaro Gonçalves, Pedro Coelho, and Diego Lopes Pacheco—who, for reasons of their own, cherished a deadly enmity against the Castro family. He watched his opportunity, and one day in the year 1355, when Pedro was absent with a hunting party, he suddenly appeared with these men at the gates of the convent of Santa Clara, at Coimbra, where she was then residing, and summoned her to his presence. The wretched woman read his fatal purpose in his eyes, and flinging herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, besought with tears and cries for mercy, or, at least, some respite to make her peace with God. The old king, savage as he was, was not altogether destitute of humanity; he was moved, deeply moved, by the tears of Inez, as well as by the sight of her innocent infant children—his own grandchildren, be it remembered—whom she presented to him. For a moment, indeed, he wavered; but the villains at his back had now sufficiently compromised themselves to know that their own safety depended on the death of Inez. They drew the king aside, and, remonstrating with him on his weakness, at length wrung from him his consent for the completion of the deed. They then fell upon Inez, and despatched her with their daggers—a sigh, a groan, and all was over.

Pedro’s horror and wrath when he heard of this dastardly assassination defy description. Nor did his passion expend itself merely in words. Instantly he rose in open revolt against his father, and with fire and sword laid waste the fair and fertile district that stretches between the Douro and the Minho. He then laid siege, although unsuccessfully, to Oporto, next to Lisbon the most important city in the kingdom, and declared his determination to go on with the war until his father



gave the assassins up to him. Affonso either would not or could not make the surrender, and so the miserable hostilities continued to drag on. At length, however, through the mediation of the queen and the Archbishop of Braga, a compromise was arrived at, by which it was agreed that, if Pedro would lay down his arms, his father on his part would banish the assassins from his court and kingdom, and at the same time admit his son to the chief share in the government. The prince, whether reluctantly or not, agreed to these terms and made peace; Pacheco, Gonçalves, and Coelho took refuge in Castile, and Pedro solemnly promised his father to give up all thoughts of further vengeance against them. But when Pedro ascended the throne, on the death of his father Affonso in 1357, his thirst for revenge proved stronger than his sense of the sacredness of an oath, and one of his first acts was to procure from Pedro of Castile the surrender of Pacheco, Coelho, and Gonçalves in exchange for some of the already mentioned Castilian refugees in his own dominions. Pacheco, indeed, contrived to make his escape (in a manner sufficiently curious, but which it would take long to relate), but the other two were, in accordance with the terms of the agreement, delivered into the custody of Pedro, who, in his character alike of insulted prince and of a lover outraged in his tenderest affection, was now enabled to gratify to the full his thirst for blood and vengeance. Coelho and Gonçalves were cast into a dungeon at Santarem, and torture was immediately applied to them in order to extort from their own lips, if possible, a confession of their crime, as well as the names of any who might have been their accomplices in the planning or the execution of it.

Pedro himself, we are told, was present in the torture-chamber; and when the unhappy men could not be induced, even by the almost intolerable anguish they suffered, either to confess their guilt or implicate others, he was so frenzied with passion that he actually seized a whip, and with his own hand lashed one of them, Coelho, across the face with it.

After their examination the criminals were without loss of time hurried to the scaffold, where again Pedro was present, and from his palace windows (overlooking the place of execution) feasted his eyes, as he sat at table, with their dying agonies.

Pedro's next step was to make a public

avowal of his marriage with Inez. For this purpose he summoned an assembly of the States at Cantanedes, in 1361, and took oath before them that he had been privately wedded to Inez de Castro in 1354, his declaration being confirmed by the two witnesses of the ceremony, namely, his own chamberlain and the officiating prelate the Bishop of Guarda. At the same time the papal bull of Innocent VI., containing the necessary dispensation for the marriage, was published, and copies of it distributed throughout the country. And now follows the strangest part of this most singular and romantic story.

Immediately after Pedro's avowal of his marriage, the corpse of Inez was brought from the convent of Santa Clara (where, as we have already mentioned, it had been hastily interred after the assassination), and crowned, and sceptred, and arrayed in all the insignia of royalty, was placed on a throne set by that of the king himself. Then the courtiers and nobility advanced, and one by one kissing the fleshless hand, swore fealty and did homage, acknowledging by their act and by unanimous acclaim the departed Inez as their sovereign mistress and the queen of Portugal.

It might not unnaturally be suspected that Pedro was impelled to this extraordinary act of disinterring and crowning his dead wife, by a disordered reason, were it not for the fact that an incident of an exactly similar character is recorded in connection with another and former king of Portugal, the famous Affonso Henriquez, who in like manner was lifted from his tomb after a lapse of years, and, being similarly enthroned with crown and sceptre, received the fealty and obeisance of the reigning King Emanuel and all his nobility.

After the coronation the remains of Inez were transferred to the royal monastery of Alcobaça, a Cistercian abbey founded by that same Affonso Henriquez whom we have just mentioned. Here Pedro had caused two great tombs of white marble to be prepared — the body of Inez to be interred in the one, the other destined as the last resting place of himself. These tombs were placed in such a position that when the last trump sounded and all the dead woke again to life, Pedro and this woman he loved might rise face to face, beholding each other before aught else at that great awakening.

The funeral obsequies of Inez were celebrated at night and distinguished by a

most extraordinary, indeed almost unparalleled, pomp and magnificence. The corpse, placed on a sumptuous funeral car, was borne slowly through the night along the road leading from the convent of Santa Clara to the monastery of Alcobaca, followed, or escorted, by a throng of the nobility of both sexes, all displaying, by their mourning garments, a real or simulated grief. Mingling with these and lining either side of the road were an immense multitude of spectators holding blazing torches above their heads, so that as an old Portuguese chronicler (quoted by Mr. Oswald Crawford in his amusing book "Portugal, Old and New") quaintly puts it, the body of Inez passed to its rest "along an avenue lined as with all the stars of heaven." On its arrival at the monastery of Alcobaca the corpse of Inez was placed in its marble tomb, and above it was raised a fair statue of her, crowned and garbed in the robes of a queen. But not even here were the bones of Inez allowed to remain at rest forever. For centuries, indeed, they continued undisturbed, until at length the years arrived when Portugal became the theatre of the war between the English and the first Napoleon. The great emperor, as is well known, was wont to enrich the Louvre with the spoils of his foreign conquests, and his marshals, following his example, ransacked the Peninsula in every direction in search of works of art, stripping without remorse convents, cathedrals, and public buildings of their most priceless *chefs-d'œuvre*. Nor in these patriotic researches did they disdain to enrich themselves also with such treasures in gold and plate as they could manage to lay their hands on. The great monastery of Alcobaca did not remain unvisited by the French soldiery, and when they came they made wild work of it. In fact, they laid waste the place, and partly impelled by curiosity, partly in search of plunder, broke into and rifled among others the mausoleum of Inez. With a truly shocking brutality they tore the corpse from its coffin and cut away from the skull the golden hair that still adhered to it. The statue also was damaged, though fortunately not irreparably, by them. They were interrupted in the further work of destruction by the approach of the allied English and Portuguese armies, before whom, after a fruitless attempt to fire the abbey, they retreated.

The corpse of Inez was afterwards replaced in its coffin and restored to the

tomb, never again, it is to be hoped, to be disturbed.

A few words must be added about Pedro, and then we have done. His spirit was so broken by the death of Inez that he never, we are told, recovered his natural gaiety of disposition, but to the end of his days remained a gloomy and reserved man. Before that great disaster occurred he had been known from his candor and impartiality as "*o Justiceiro*" or "the Just;" but his stern treatment of the assassins, Pedro Coelho and Alvaro Gonçales (who, it must be mentioned, were executed in a horribly barbarous fashion), afterwards earned for himself the title of "the Cruel." He provided munificently for the personal attendants of Inez; and when he found that Diego Lopez Pacheco, one of her alleged murderers (and who, it will be remembered, succeeded in making his escape), was really guiltless of the crime, he not only pardoned him but also restored him his possessions, which, as those of a traitor, had in the usual course escheated to the crown.

Pedro died in 1385, and in obedience to his solemn injunction was laid by the side of the woman whom he had loved in life, and from whom in death he would not be divided.

Such is the mournful and impressive history of Inez de Castro. Surely, the page that tells her tale is a living one, palpitating with passion, pain, and sorrow, bedewed with tears and wet with blood. Her sad eyes appealing to us from that far-off mediæval past make us forget her errors in her sorrows, nor indeed could it have been a poor or a base nature that inspired a passion so deep, so tragically constant, as that which Pedro cherished for her.

Of Pedro and Inez, of these two, it may indeed be said, that they loved "not wisely, but too well."

C. A. W.

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From The Saturday Review.  
LE MASCARET.

In the middle of the river Seine, about half-way between Rouen and the sea, there was in olden times an island named Belcinac, which has long since disappeared. In the seventh century this island, which was long and broad and well wooded, was given by King Thierry, the son of Clovis II., to Condède, a monk of

Fontenelle, who built thereon a monastery and three churches. Time passed by, and the island and the monastery of Belcinac, along with the three churches, were gradually swept away by the stream. In 1641 the island, which had long been lost to sight, reappeared, but only for a while. "It was," says a French historian, "hideous and naked as death. The sun was nevermore to vivify its desolate shores. The *barre*, its old enemy, soon destroyed and submerged it anew." Since that time it has never been seen again, but it has been supposed that some of the shifting shoals which render the navigation of the Seine so dangerous are due to attempts made by the remains of the drowned island to rear their heads above water.

The *barre*, the destroyer of the once flourishing island of Belcinac, has for ages wrought great havoc in the valley of the Seine, especially in that part which lies between Quillebeuf and Caudebec. It is the swift wave, or series of waves, with which the tide, as soon as it begins to flow, rushes up the bed of the river, driving back the downward flowing waters, and filling the whole valley with its angry roar. It is the same as the tidal wave which is well known in some of our rivers, especially the Severn, as the bore, and in others as the oegir. The words *bore* and *barre* appear to require no explanation. That of *oegir* or *ægir* is curious, inasmuch as it seems to be a reminiscence of the old Scandinavian deity Oegir, the god of the stormy sea. He has long been forgotten: but on some of our eastern coasts the descendants of the hardy Norsemen who once worshipped him still call by his name the rush of the tidal wave, which might well to fancy's eye suggest the furious onset of the ruler of the waters. In some places the name of the dethroned monarch has passed through a change of a sadly degrading nature, not only rustics, but even provincial editors, allowing themselves to speak of their local bore as their *ego*. In the Seine the usual designation of the tidal wave was long the *barre*, though it was also known as the *flot*. But of late years a new term, that of the *mascaret*, has gradually crept into use, and seems likely to supplant the older names. Its etymology is uncertain. Littré says of it merely, "*Étymologie inconnue*." Some philologists are inclined to attribute to it a Basque origin; but no word at all approaching to it is to be found in the Basque-French dictionary. All that is

known about its history is, that it has made its way into Normandy from the Gironde, where it has from immemorial times been employed to designate the rush of the tidal wave in the river Dordogne, beginning at the Bec d'Ambès, where the Dordogne and the Garonne unite, and running up the former river for twenty or thirty miles. A legend, at which Littré justly scoffs, associates the name of the phenomenon with that of St. Macarius, to whom a chapel was consecrated at the spot still known as St. Macaire, at which the destructive rush of the tidal wave was wont to be stayed. The intercession of the saint was supposed to have acted as a bulwark against the irruption of the tide. But the etymology, though ingenious, is not more trustworthy than that which resolves Teddington into Tide-end-town. A somewhat similar legend is attached to the little chapel of Barre-y-va which stands close to the Seine, about a mile below Caudebec. Of it a well-known guide-book says: "The name probably comes from the circumstance of the much-dreaded *barre*, or bore, at the mouth of the Seine, ascending at times thus far." The fact is the rush of the incoming tide makes itself felt as high as Pont de l'Arche, a small town at a considerable distance above Rouen. The guide-book proceeds to say that the chapel of Our Lady of Grace at Barre-y-va is "much resorted to by sailors, who have covered its walls with ex-votos, paintings, models of ships, etc." In reality, the chapel now contains merely one ex-voto picture and one model of a ship, not being nearly as interesting in this respect as the seaside churches really resorted to by mariners in so many towns along the coasts of France.

Compared with such terrific manifestations of the force of rushing water as are afforded by the incoming of the bore in the Hooghly or the Amazon, the *mascaret* or *barre* in the Seine almost shrinks into insignificance. It has of late years lost much of its ancient power to harm. The bed of the Seine is now much narrower than it used to be, and its waters are consequently deeper. It had been remarked that in the Ganges ships anchored in deep water suffered but little, while those which were caught by the bore in shoal water were frequently destroyed. Consequently Arago, when his advice was asked as to what measures ought to be adopted to restrain the violence of the *barre* in the Seine, recommended that the width of

the river should be reduced and its depth thereby increased. Accordingly, dykes were constructed, an immense amount of land was reclaimed, and the barre found itself unable to do more than harmlessly wash the banks of the great plains across which it had been accustomed for countless centuries to sweep furiously. For some years after the construction of these dykes it was not an uncommon sight for travellers, sailing up or down the river, to see from the decks of their vessels the masts of ships long stranded, protruding from meadows luxuriantly clothed with rich grass and dotted with groups of tranquilly grazing cattle. Across these wide plains, now so monotonously peaceful, the angry waters urging their way from the storm-vexed sea, at the periods of the equinoctial spring-tides, would dash, a thousand years ago, with a force like that of a mill-race, capable of snapping the toughest cables and hurling far inland the vessels that a few moments before had been anchored in apparent security. It is easy to conceive how greatly so unexpected an attack must have astonished the first Norse chieftain who encountered it after his galleys had ascended the river as high as Quillebeuf, and had been moored for the night in perfectly calm water. His feelings, when the roar of the coming billows first made itself heard, and then came the dash of the foaming and seething waves, sweeping everything before them in wild confusion, must have been somewhat like those experienced by Alexander the Great, when a similar adventure befel him in the estuary of the Indus.

The highest tides of the present year, with the exception of those in March, occurred in the Seine between the 16th and the 19th of September. On each of those days they were watched in the morning and the evening by an observer who had made a pilgrimage to the banks of the Seine for that express purpose, and who tarried at various not over-frequented spots, in order to correct the impressions he had obtained from books. One of the conclusions at which he arrived was that the accounts of the mascaret given by tourists and compilers of guide-books are much exaggerated, so far as the present state of the spectacle is concerned. Compared with what it used to be, if old descriptions may be trusted, the mascaret is now stripped of its terrors. It resembles the great nature force which used to ravage the valley of the Seine, like one of

the mythical dragons which, as legends tell, laid whole districts waste, about as much as a lion confined in a cage resembles the free monarch of the African wilderness. But, for all that, it is well worthy of being seen. And those bends of the river on the banks of which it spends its fury will well repay the visitor for the time he has devoted to them. If he is fortunate enough to witness the arrival of an equinoctial high tide which coincides with an easterly gale, he will witness a spectacle which he will not easily forget. But in any circumstances the sight of so great a nature-force cannot fail to make a striking impression. Take, for instance, the rising ground a little above Quillebeuf, where two poplars bend towards the river from the summit of the bank, and look seawards by the light of the almost full moon riding high in the heavens. The quaint old town seems lapped in slumber along the edge of the water, which now is gliding almost imperceptibly by. Beyond the houses begins the immense plain, stretching away, like a tranquil sea, towards the range of low hills vaguely seen in the far-off distance to the left. On the right side of the river, the white cliffs glimmer mile after mile, ending with the quarried headland which runs out, dimly seen, where the remains of Tancarville Castle crown the wooded heights. Across the river glooms the long avenue of poplars which leads in a direct line to Lillebonne, famous for its Roman theatre and for its castle, within which, as legends tell, was held the council at which the invasion of England by William the Conqueror was decided upon. All is still, a perfect calm reigns around; or, if the silence of the night be broken, it is merely by sounds suggestive of repose, the distant lowing of cattle in the meadows, the metallic chink of a plaintive frog near at hand. Equally calm-inspiring is the view of the river seen by moonlight from Vieux Port, the long stretch of water in a direct line reflecting the light of the great white clouds in the sky, the wooded slopes where the stream bends casting a black shadow across the surface of the water, and between the thick trees a light shining here and there like a glow-worm from a window of one of the few cottages. All nature seems to sleep. Presently, from the far off distance comes a strange sound, at first as it were muffled and half suppressed, then gradually becoming louder and louder, till at last it fills the whole valley with its roar — a low thunder like

the deep bass of a lion. As the sound deepens there may be seen a long line across the river reaching from one bank to the other, changing the color of the surface as it advances, and sending the reflections flying, curling over on the further side like a breaker on a shingly sea beach, and sweeping along with its white crest gleaming bright in the moonlight, while on this side the water first seethes and hisses and then dashes against the shore in a great turbid wave, which sweeps with a wild rush over the sandbanks and other low-lying flats, and breaks in a great shower of spray over any obstacle it may encounter in its wild career. For a short time after the first rush has taken place the river seems to be swayed by great throes, the waters dash against the shores and again retreat, forming countless little whirlpools and meetings of opposing surges, which toss their foam-flakes high in the air. Then gradually the agitation subsides, and in a few minutes more the scene is again as peaceful as it was before the tide turned, except that the surface of the water is no longer an unruffled mirror, for the stream is running swiftly from the sea towards the interior, and a thousand tiny eddies and rapids break up the reflections of the moonlit clouds into countless dimly-seen flying gleams of white.

In the daytime the roar of the advancing wave is not quite so impressive as at night; but the rush of the waters can be more distinctly seen. At some distance above Quillebeuf and Vieux Port, on the other side of the river, stand the bright little towns of Villequier and Caudebec, against the quays of both of which the mascaret breaks with great fury. Villequier is now chiefly known as the scene of a tragedy which, forty years ago, saddened the household of a great poet. Here, on the 4th of September, 1843, a young couple who had been married little more than half a year were drowned, together with two of their relatives, while on a pleasure trip on the river. The young wife, who was only nineteen years old, was the daughter of M. Victor Hugo. Beside the slab which marks the spot where sleep the four victims of the river stands a gravestone bearing the simple inscription "Adèle, femme de Victor Hugo;" and next to her resting-place is the vacant spot, now covered with turf, reserved for the remains, when his appointed hour shall have come, of the mighty master from whose life the shade

cast by his young daughter's death has never quite passed away. Caudebec is a bright little town, which was captured in 1419 by the English under Talbot and Warwick, and is often visited by tourists of the same nationality, who find much to interest them in its old church, with its steeple of open stonework, and in the ruins of the neighboring abbey of St. Wandrille. Of this abbey there exists, in the public library of Havre, a manuscript history, written in the ninth century, and entitled "*Majus Chronicon Fontanelle*." It contains a short description of the mascaret, the roar of which at that time could be heard at places five miles distant from the river's banks. At the present day the sound does not penetrate so far, but still it can be heard afar off. It is a fine sight to see the wave tearing its way along the shore and dashing furiously against the walls of the quay at Caudebec, hurling high into the air columns of foam and spray, and then to watch the rush past of the other greater waves which follow the first, like the long swell of the Atlantic seen from one of our western promontories, full of life and force and freedom.

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From The Times.

#### THE DISTANCE OF THE SUN.

It has long been familiarly known that the astronomical phenomena most relied upon for the discovery of the solar distance were those called the transits of Venus—that is to say, the occasions, sometimes separated by long intervals, when the planet Venus passes directly between the sun and the earth, and becomes visible as a dark spot crossing the sun's disc. If the moments of apparent contact with the edge of the sun, of apparent complete intervention, the planet being wholly on the disc, and the corresponding moments of first and of final emergence could be accurately determined by two or more observers, situated at distant points of the earth's surface, then the materials for calculation would be obtained, and the distance capable of producing the difference in the times which the different observations would disclose would become a question of trigonometry. Unfortunately the supposed conditions cannot be perfectly fulfilled, partly on account of an element of uncertainty introduced by the atmosphere of Venus, which produces apparent distortion of the edge at



the moment of contact, and partly from other optical reasons, to which Dr. Ball has referred. To some extent, perhaps, the errors incidental to imperfect seeing may be corrected by photography; and on the occasion of the last transit, the last, moreover, which will occur until the year 2004, the British and other governments did all that could be accomplished to obtain the required information. In some places the weather was unfavorable; and Dr. Ball gives a graphic description of his own disappointment from this cause, the clouds only allowing him to see the planet after it had half entered upon the disc, and again for a brief period in the middle of the transit. As in the analogous case of solar eclipses — the transit would be an eclipse if Venus were nearer to us — the observation of each will afford guidance in the use of future opportunities; but eclipses are comparatively frequent, and the experience derived from them comes often into play. Astronomers cannot be expected to wait patiently for more than a hundred years, until the course of Venus in relation to the sun and earth once more brings her to their assistance; and so various other methods have been suggested and applied. The chief of these are sketched by Dr. Ball with admirable lucidity; and he enables even non-scientific persons to arrive at clear notions of what they are intended to accomplish. He explains how a determination of the weight of the earth in comparison with the sun, if it could be obtained, would lead to a solution of the problem. Such a determination has been sought by observations of the extent to which Encke's comet and other heavenly bodies deviate from the precise orbits in which the attraction of the sun alone would retain them; in consequence of this attraction being partially overcome by the attraction of the earth or of other planets, the weight of which would be proportionate to the attractive force they could exert. It will be remembered that the planet Neptune was discovered before it was seen, and discovered simultaneously by Adams and by Le Verrier in consequence of the disturbing effect of its attraction, which caused it to be looked for in the position from which this disturbance was exercised. But for the determination of the precise weight of any given planet it would be necessary to be quite certain of all the forces that were in operation, and

this does not seem to be possible. The method is theoretically correct, but the means are wanting for its perfect practical application. The latest suggestion, and that of which Dr. Ball speaks most hopefully, is to proceed by the help of the small planets, of which two hundred and forty are now known, revolving round the sun between Mars and Jupiter. The larger of these, under favorable conditions, come within about seventy million miles of the earth, and their movements admit of being measured by taking stars as fixed points — the distances of the stars themselves being too great to be productive of any important error. An observer placed near the equator, who takes the bearings of one of these small planets in the evening, as soon as it can be distinctly seen after its rising, and again shortly before dawn, has in the mean while been carried thousands of miles by the rotation of the earth, and will see a considerable apparent change of the position of the planet in relation to the selected stars. This change is partly due to its own motion, but chiefly to the parallactic displacement arising from the rotation of the earth and the consequent displacement of the observer. The amount due to each of these causes may be ascertained, or rather that due to the motion of the planet itself may be estimated, by careful and repeated measurements of its place in relation to the stars among which it passes. Dr. Ball names two planets, Victoria and Sappho, as lending themselves particularly to this method of research, which has already been pursued with hopeful results; and he confidently expects that before the occurrence of the next transit the problem of the solar distance will have been solved, within the thousandth part, by the aid of the minor planets. Already, he thinks, the last estimate of ninety-two million seven hundred thousand miles is not likely to be erroneous to the extent of three hundred thousand miles. It is impossible, of course, to forecast all the various ways in which the satisfactory settlement of this question might contribute to the solution of others; but we may at least be sure that such a settlement, like all forms of new knowledge, will have unexpected applications to research of other kinds. The British Association may be congratulated that a subject of such magnitude has found, during their meeting, an expositor so well calculated to do it justice.